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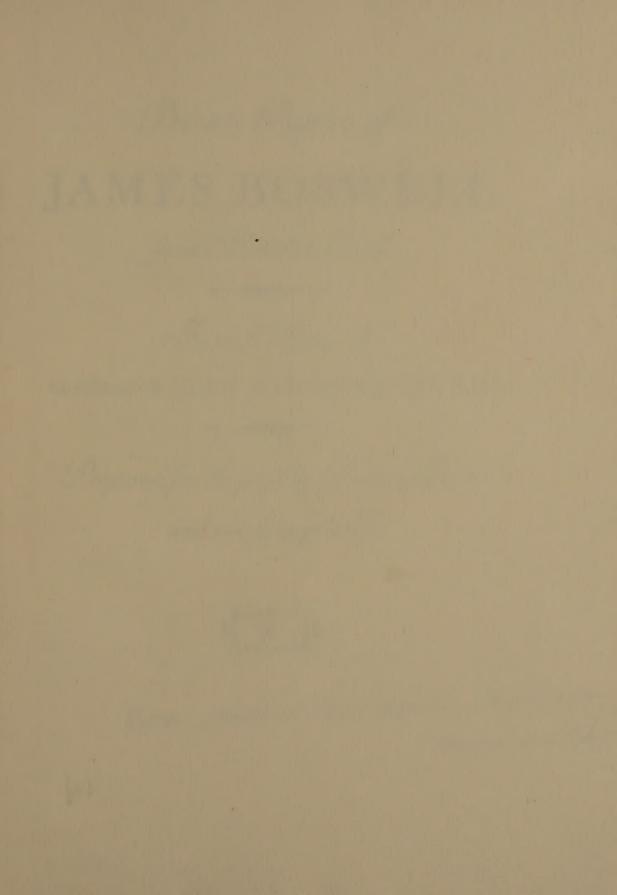
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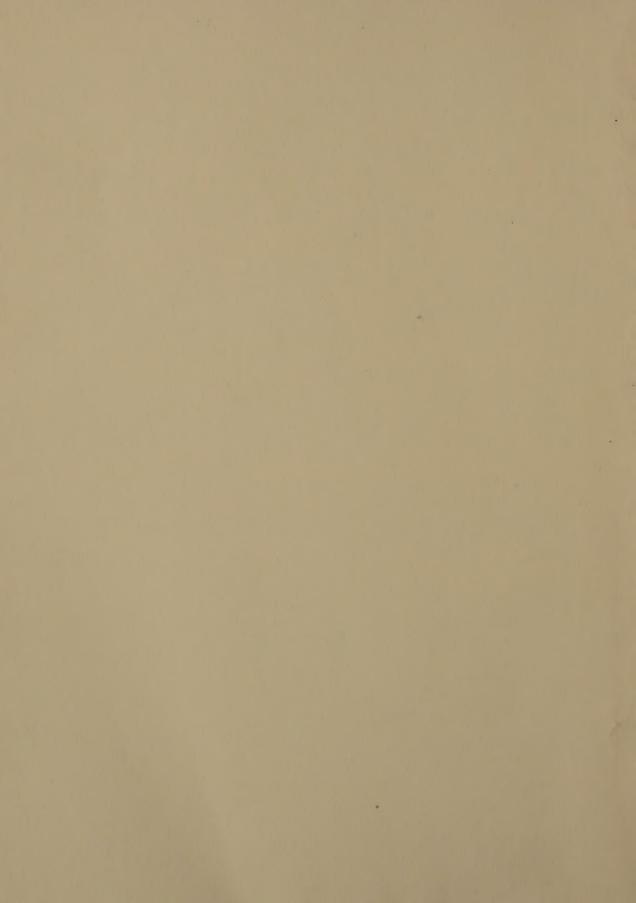












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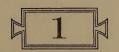
JAMES BOSWELL

from Malahide Castle

In the Collection of

Lt-Colonel RALPH HEYWARD ISHAM

Prepared for the press by Geoffrer Scott and now first printed



EARLY PAPERS OF JAMES BOSWELL, 1754-1765

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PR8 3325 A16 V.1

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO THE MEMORY OF

EDMOND MALONE

THIS EDITION

OF HIS FRIEND'S PAPERS

IS DEDICATED





$\mathcal{N} O T E$

THE scope of this first and limited printing of Boswell's newly disclosed Papers is fully stated in the course of the General Introduction. The Editor's duty has here been confined (except in Vol. VI) to establishing the text and chronology of the documents; to classifying them with a view to the special character of this edition; and to providing some brief explanatory prefaces. The independent interest of Boswell's text is manifest; and, for some scholars, urgent. It has, therefore, seemed best to defer the critical commentary, which will require several years to complete, to the eventual public edition. I would add that Colonel Isham, to whose initiative and Boswellian zeal the final release of these Papers is due, has himself been able, in the midst of many diverse calls upon his time, to take part in preparing the text.

G.S.



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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

SI.

the first time brought to light, are frequently referred to in his works. That he collected documents for their probable interest to posterity, he definitely stated, and "my curious archives," "my cabinet of papers at Auchinleck," were the object of his constant solicitude. Lawyer by training, biographer by vocation, he had on both accounts, the keenest sense of the value of written evidence. A collector of the celebrated, he foresaw that his intercourse with famous men could be re-enacted, after his death, not only in the great *Life*, but in his correspondence. He stored their letters; he made copies of his own. He left abundant diaries.

An egoist, who had learned that men loved him for his egoism, he was willing to confide to his heirs a selfrevelation completer, if that were possible, than he had imparted to his friends. A sentimentalist, he wished to review in solitude the ghosts of past adventures, and the relics of forgotten emotions. We find, among these MSS, a letter of twenty-five eloquent pages, addressed to Monsieur de Tuyll; it conveys a proposal of marriage to his daughter Zélide, and Boswell asks that, if the letter is not returned, he may be permitted on his next visit to take a copy of the document, "for I think I shall always be curious to recollect how I wrote on an affair of this consequence." It was in this spirit of anticipatory relish that Boswell collected his papers, with an unerring eye for the humanly significant, and a secure confidence that what interested him must be, intrinsically and for ever, interesting.

The most valued of such papers were stored by Boswell in the Ebony Cabinet, inherited from his great-grandmother, Lady Kincardine, an heirloom which, he provided in his Will, his heirs could not alienate under pain of a forfeiture of a thousand pounds. As for "all my MSS of my own composition and all my letters from various persons," they were left to Boswell's literary

executors, "Sir W. Forbes, the Rev. Mr. Temple and Edward Malone, Esq., to be published for the benefit of my younger children, as they decide; that is to say they are to have a discretionary power to publish more or less."

Yet years passed and Boswell's papers never saw the light. The world which he expected to entertain and astonish was never summoned to the banquet he had so curiously prepared. The "younger children" did not profit by their father's scheme of publication. Dr. Rogers, the first serious biographer of James Boswell, stated in his Memoir, (published in 1874 by the Grampian Club): "the three persons mentioned as literary executors did not meet, and the entire business of the trust was administered by Sir William Forbes, Bart, who appointed as his law agent, Robert Boswell, writer to the signet, cousin german of the deceased. By that gentleman's advice Boswell's MSS were left to the disposal of his family; and it is believed that the whole were immediately destroyed."

That some papers were burnt had in fact been stated

by Malone as early as 1807. Dr. Rogers went further; on what authority we cannot tell: but his Memoir, based apparently in part on private information, has always been respected as eminently trustworthy. Dr. Birkbeck Hill encountered the same blank belief as Dr. Rogers. Thus the neglect of Boswell's executors to perform their task, and the destruction of the MSS left in the Ebony Cabinet, became an accepted tradition.

That Temple took no part in the proceedings is extremely probable. Fettered to his Cornish Vicarage by pastoral duties and pecuniary embarrassments, he may well have left it to his more worldly and leisured coexecutors, to discharge the trust. But it is certain that Forbes invited the coöperation of Malone. A letter in Col. Isham's collection (but not from Malahide Castle) affords interesting evidence on this head. It is addressed

¹ In a footnote, found only in the Fifth Edition of the *Life* (Vol. III, p. 391) Malone remarks that he cannot verify a doubtful phrase in a letter from Johnson to Boswell, "the original letter being burned in a mass of papers in Scotland." I owe this significant reference (which Dr. Hill does not notice) to Mr. F. A. Pottle. Rogers is not likely to have drawn his wider statement from this source; his phrase has the ring of an answer from Auchinleck.

by Sir William Forbes to Malone four months after Boswell's death. Writing from Edinburgh, 14 August 1795, he says:

"Mr. Boswell has left with me a large parcel of his Father's letters and papers; being a part of that Collection, with the charge of examining which Our late Worthy friend, by his Will, has honoured Mr. Temple, and you, and me; a task, this, it must be owned, of very considerable delicacy. Yet, I think we may lay down to ourselves certain Canons or principles, by which to judge whether any, or what part of the papers may be proper for publication. And for my own part, I shall feel the difficulty of the Work very considerably removed, by having the benefit of such able assistance as yours, of whose judgement I entertain the very highest opinion.

I am busily employed in perusing the whole; which, as soon as I have gone thro' them, I shall pack up in a Box and forward to you by the Waggon: and in the same manner, when you have perused those letters and papers that are in the house in London, I shall be much obliged to you to take the trouble of forwarding them to me by the same mode of conveyance. They shall be afterwards carefully returned to you."

It is hardly likely that Malone, devoted as he was to Boswell's interests, and curious as he must have been to examine a collection of papers of such high contemporary interest, should have failed to respond to Boswell's testamentary wishes, backed by Forbes's anxious invitation. That he did in fact address himself to the task, is proved by two folders endorsed in his handwriting, which have been found among the MSS. One contains documents relating to Johnson and Burke; in the other is a conversation between Boswell and Lord Mansfield on the Douglas Cause, extracted from a diary and completed in Malone's script: perhaps with a view to publication. Of Sir William Forbes's activity, the only trace remaining is a small slip, inserted at a point in the Diary of more than common indiscretion, and inscribed by him "Reprehensible Passage. W. F."

Dr. Rogers then was evidently misled; the principal executors collaborated, and the present collection is witness that the chief MSS were preserved.

What, then, occurred? On June 30, 1796 we find Forbes (vide MS Letter in Mr. R. B. Adam's collection)

writing again to Malone as follows: "I much approve of your idea of our doing nothing in regard to the publication of any of our late much regretted friend's papers at present, but rather to wait till his second son be of an age fit for selecting such of them as may be proper for the public eye." This passing over of the elder son is significant. Alexander Boswell, the heir, was not a man to treat archives with disrespect. He inherited his Father's literary tastes; he established a private printing press at Auchinleck; he was a close friend of Sir Walter Scott's with whom he joined in antiquarian researches; he wrote poems, and enriched the family library. Yet Boswell's papers pass at this point into unbroken obscurity. Some clue may be furnished by a sentence written by Sir Walter Scott to Croker: "the late Sir Alexander was a proud man, and, like his grandfather, thought his Father lowered himself by his deferential suit and service to Johnson. He disliked any allusion to the book or to Johnson himself, and I have observed that Johnson's fine picture by Sir Joshua was sent upstairs, out of the sitting room at Auchinleck." Of Boswell's devotion to his eldest son, of his wise and unsparing efforts for his culture and advancement, these MSS afford much new evidence; but he had "lowered himself" in Alexander's eyes, and the MSS, we may infer, were consigned with Dr. Johnson's picture, to the attic.

On the other hand, it may have been felt that, as the proceeds of any publication were assigned, under the will, to the younger children, the second son had a right to be consulted. James came of age in 1799, three years after Forbes's letter was written. Remembering the storm which broke over his father's head on the publication of the Life, he may well have decided in consultation with his brother and the executors, that any publication of letters or diaries should be deferred till after the decease of all Boswell's contemporaries. If so, death overtook both brothers before any such provisions had been made. Sir Alexander, returning from James's funeral in March 1822, received the challenge of a political opponent whom he had ridiculed in a poem, and was mortally wounded in the duel. It was computed that upwards of ten thousand spectators assembled in that sparsely populated region to do honour to the Laird of Auchinleck. So high was the estimation which Boswell's heir had attained; so completely had he effaced the stain of Boswell's discreditable connection with Dr. Johnson.

James, on the contrary, had a juster opinion of his Father's achievement and a high regard for the memory of Johnson. Indeed he seems to some extent to have modelled his life on Boswell's; he lived in London in the Temple, dallying with the Law, spending his mornings with scholarly books and his evenings in conviviality; he cultivated the friendship, and published a memoir, of Malone. It seems clear that he obtained some of his father's papers. His valuable library, sold at Sotheby's on May 24th, 1825, contained a number of Johnsonian MSS (some twenty items in the catalogue) the great majority of which must have belonged to Boswell, though some few may have been purchased after his death. There were also: (1) the MS of a Scots Dictionary by James Boswell (on which further light is thrown in the Malahide MSS); (2) Boswelliana, a com-

mon-place book of James Boswell, which subsequently came into the possession of Lord Houghton, who caused it to be published in 1874 by the Grampian Club. In that edition it is described, by a seeming confusion between the father and son, as having been sold at Boswell's death, with the books contained in his house in London; (3) the proof-sheets of the first edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, corrected in Boswell's hand, (now in the Adam Collection); (4) a parcel of loose papers, letters, and memoranda relating to the Life of Johnson. Why these, and only these, documents were taken by James from the rich stores available we have no means of judging; it is probable that they had been transferred by Boswell himself to London and were in the house in Great Portland Street at his death. It is indeed tempting to suppose that the division of Boswell's papers between London and Scotland accounts for other missing documents. But Sir W. Forbes, in the letter last quoted, says, "after I have gone through the whole [i.e. of the Scotch papers] I will carefully send them to you in order that all may be together," and failing any other

evidence, we must assume that the collection was reintegrated in the very conscientious hands of Malone.

After the almost simultaneous deaths, in 1822, of Sir Alexander and James, the Auchinleck papers passed to Sir James Boswell, Alexander's son. There being no male issue of his marriage to Miss Cunningham, Sir James obtained release, on a technical ground, from the Entail, in favour of his two daughters, Julia and Emily Boswell, who at his death in 1857 became coheiresses of the Estate. The elder, Mrs. George Mounsey, resided at Auchinleck. The younger married the fifth Lord Talbot de Malahide, and resided eventually at Malahide Castle in Ireland.

To understand the seemingly complete obliteration of the MSS over this period, it must be remembered that Boswell's reputation had now entered its Macaulayan phase. Macaulay's crude and foolish estimate was published in 1831. His voice was louder than Carlyle's; his easy antithetic style more memorable; and for two or three generations "every schoolboy"—Macaulay's Grand Jury—was ready to convict Boswell as the most

contemptible of men. The intellectual merits of his book were ascribed to Johnson; the weaknesses of Boswell (generally known through his own disarming candour) were regarded without humour and without forgiveness. It must be acknowledged that this ungenerous and undiscerning estimate was not calculated to induce the owners of the MSS to display their treasures for the merriment of Macaulay's pupils. They may even have been averse from examining the formidable piles of manuscript. Accordingly when Dr. Birkbeck Hill came reverently in search of Boswelliana, he was sent empty away; a rebuff to which that great scholar responded by a footnote of uncommon ferocity. The legend of the burning of Boswell's papers was now firmly established. But the papers remained locked in the attic and in the Ebony Cabinet; and Mrs. George Mounsey guarded the door with the efficiency of a Cerberus and the impenetrability of a Sphinx.

By the will of Mrs. Mounsey, who died without issue in 1905, the manuscripts passed (with the Auchinleck estate) to her nephew, Boswell's great-great-grandson

and only male descendant, the present Lord Talbot de Malahide. It is impossible to determine how far any one, at the date of the transfer of the papers to Ireland, was acquainted with their contents. Their removal was effected by the fifth Lord Talbot, (father of the legatee), who it appears took stock of the principal items before consigning them to the Malahide archives, where they lay overshadowed by parchments of more historic antiquity.

One cannot correctly speak of the "discovery" of what has never been lost. Years passed, and the literary world remained unaware, as before, of the survival of Boswell's papers; and not till within the last few years did the existence of some unseen papers from Auchinleck become rumoured among a few students and collectors. The documents as a whole were strictly inaccessible to inquirers; their extent and importance could only be guessed at. In 1926, however, Lieut. Col. Ralph Isham was able to acquire the remarkable letter to Boswell from Goldsmith; and subsequently to open negotiations, as a result of which this long-shut gateway into the eighteenth century was finally unlocked. Lord Tal-

bot de Malahide, having proceeded to a preliminary scrutiny of the documents (an arduous task in view of their confusion), concluded that the public ought no longer to be deprived of so rich an addition to the history of Dr. Johnson's circle, and so essential a storehouse of materials for the biography of his ancestor. This decision enabled Col. Isham to acquire the copyright of the surviving Boswell papers at Malahide in their entirety, and to incorporate the documents themselves with his Johnsonian collection.

The publication of these papers, envisaged by the will which Boswell signed in 1785, is thus initiated in 1928.

SII.

HOW far the mass of surviving MSS represents the entire legacy of papers found by Forbes and Malone on Boswell's death is difficult to estimate. It is certain that these two executors went through the papers, but it does not appear that they exercised any destructive censorship. Malone probably returned some packets of letters to their senders; Boswell's second son

seems to have asked for, and obtained, most of the papers in Johnson's script; beyond this it seems unlikely that any categories of MSS can have been systematically removed. No one who set out to secure Boswell's own literary drafts could have overlooked such treasures as Boswell's corrected MS of the *Life* (which till a fairly recent date must have been intact), or the big MS, in folio, of the *Account of Corsica*. There are countless documents which would certainly have perished in any systematic effort to destroy the trivial, or eliminate the indiscreet. It appears, therefore, that such losses as have occurred are to be attributed rather to blind destruction or to chance.

Nevertheless some gaps are ascertainable and others probable. (1) Certain papers definitely asserted by Boswell to have been preserved in his Cabinet have not been found. For example, the letters from Wilkes, (which Boswell asked should be signed in full in order to make a better impression on posterity), the notes on Pope and Bolingbroke which he took down from Lord Macartney, and the MS of Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* given

him by Lady Eglinton. The list of such established losses is long, tragic and irrational. It clearly suggests (in conjunction with Malone's footnote) that the contents of some of Boswell's drawers were consigned undiscriminatingly to the flames. (2) The items (already mentioned) which were disposed of in the Sotheby sale of 1825, presumably formed part of the collection. Many of these, though dispersed, are now traceable. (3) A large bundle consisting (wholly or in part) of the Life of Johnson long lay on an attic floor at Auchinleck, where it was exposed to the damp and became friable. At some time, probably in its removal to Ireland, this package must have received a jolt which caused the whole mass of fragile substance to crumble to powder. A few pages, separated from the main body, were unaffected. Of the remainder some sixteen sheets could last year still be recovered and by delicate handling transferred to a gauze web. The rest was already reduced to atoms. It is possible that this pulverized packet, the original size of which cannot now be exactly estimated, may have contained Johnsonian materials in addition to the finished work. (4) Apart from such demonstrable losses as these, one must presume a considerable wastage in the course of 130 years. There is so much evidence of Boswell's passion for recording, and his repugnance to destroying, that the accumulation at his death must have been considerably greater than has come to light. That the missing elements now exist is improbable. Col. Isham in acquiring these papers received the assurance of Lord Talbot de Malahide that, after a careful search, no other Boswell papers could be found either at Auchinleck or Malahide Castle. Further discoveries, therefore, even in this realm of miracles, can hardly be looked for.

Boswell's posthumous history is indeed remarkable. Sixty years after his death scarcely a paper in his writing was supposed to exist; nor was any thing known of him beyond what was contained in his own published works and a few jokes by his contemporaries. We are now in a position to know Boswell more intimately than any other figure in English literature: more intimately, I would even say, than any one who has lived before our

time. This knowledge is derived, in the main, from two manuscript sources: the collection of letters to Temple, published in 1857, and the much richer and more extensive store of papers from Malahide. And it is hard to say which fact is more romantically improbable, that the first should have been discovered as waste papers in a small shop in Boulogne, or that the second should have remained, for more than a century unsuspected by the world, where Boswell left it, in and around his own cabinet.

SIII.

THE surviving documents fall into the following categories, which may be briefly distinguished.

I. CORRESPONDENCE.

- I. LETTERS WRITTEN BY BOSWELL.
 - a. Rough drafts.
 - b. Originals, recovered by Boswell.
 - c. Copies made in his hand.

Boswell would seem to have had the habit of copying nearly every letter he wrote (except when he knew he would have access to the originals as, e.g. in writing to his wife, or to Temple), transcribing even his love letters and answers to social invitations. His punctilious accuracy renders his copies (which in a few cases it has been possible to compare with the originals) exceedingly reliable.

2. LETTERS ADDRESSED TO BOSWELL.

Apart from a number of letters from distinguished contemporaries (Goldsmith, Burke, Chatham, Voltaire, etc. etc.) there are surviving letters from less known friends. Sir W. Forbes wrote of these, to Malone, "they contain the most striking memorials of the high degree of estimation in which he was held by as numerous and respectable a circle of acquaintance as almost any private gentleman, I believe, could boast of."

3. OTHER LETTERS, PRESERVED AT AUCH-INLECK.

Mostly addressed to Mrs. Boswell. But there are some others of great interest, *e.g.* a letter from Robert Burns to Bruce Campbell, regarding Boswell; and some post-

humous letters, e.g. from Sir Walter Scott to Sir Alexander Boswell.

II. LITERARY MATERIALS, etc.

- 1. Exercises by Boswell, both in prose and verse, not intended for publication.
 - 2. Materials for published works.
- 3. Drafts of published works. Fragments of a draft of the *Life of Johnson*; and the MS (entire) of the *Account of Corsica*, (without the *Tour*).
- 4. Printed broadsides; hitherto unknown or unseen in this form.
- 5. Printed periodical essays collected for publication in book form: the *Hypochondriack* (I to XL) revised, with Boswell's notes and corrections.

III. RECORDS.

Comprising Oaths, Plans and Resolutions; Account sheets; Marriage Contract, Law notes, Engagement Lists, and Relics.

IV. JOURNALS.

These are the most unequal as well as the most ex-

tensive element in the Collection. Boswell kept various diaries, intermittently, from 1758 till his death. "I should live," he once wrote, "no more than I can record."

The denomination of "Journals" covers a group of MSS which is deficient in continuity and very unhomogeneous in form and character. Of those which are preserved (sometimes on loose sheets, more often in small bound volumes), certain MSS, where Boswell is associated with Johnson, stand in strict relation to the narrative of the Life, into which the dialogues are rewoven with variations, chiefly of a stylistic character. (See Vol. VI.) The journals as a whole, however, are a constant reminder of how small a portion of Boswell's vivid and multifarious existence was associated with Johnson. Certain of Boswell's autobiographic records have a high and independent value. Though seldom written with any literary care, they are in plain narrative style and make excellent reading (e.g. the Scotch Journal in Vol. I, the German and Swiss Journals in Vols. III and IV, the Journal covering the execution of John Reid—to be

published in a later volume, and several others). Reading them one recalls a sentence which Sir W. Forbes wrote 130 years ago to his fellow-executor: "His journals are indeed exceedingly curious, for it was a faculty he possessed and had cultivated far beyond any man I ever knew."

Other journals, of much slighter biographical interest, reflect very clearly the monotony and confessed tedium of Boswell's Scottish life. These tend to be exceedingly repetitive; literary quality is entirely absent, and the information contained in them calls for extended annotation. Other records, again, are written in a very condensed broken style. Finally, at frequent intervals, the narrative is supplanted by the roughest "shorthand" notes.

V. NOTES & MEMORANDA.

The Boswell archives contain many hundred pages of notes on small sheets, or on torn scraps of paper. Most of these consist of condensed jottings out of which Boswell was accustomed, after a short lapse of time, to re-

construct the narrative of his Journal. When this was done the notes were usually destroyed; if the Journal was neglected the rough record was preserved. But, mingled with "shorthand" notes of this character, and often interwoven on the same sheet, are memoranda of every description, scraps of conversation, law-notes, references to books, reminders of things to be done, and so forth. These notes, even textually speaking, are often of extreme obscurity. They are so interwoven that the order of the words is sometimes uncertain; so abbreviated that the intended expansion of the syllables is often guess-work, and so hastily written that there is room for much dispute as to the script. What proportion of this formidable hieroglyphic medley it may ultimately be possible or useful to publish is a difficult question. It serves, however, to establish many points of date and reference in the more literary documents here printed.

Boswell himself does not seem to have contemplated a very extensive posthumous publication of his diaries; he certainly set value on certain portions as having a literary or public interest, and there is evidence that he dallied with the idea of printing some of these in his own life time.

§IV.

It is evidently necessary that the public edition of this various and very extensive material should be provided with a commentary. The new material stretches from 1754 to a period after Boswell's death in 1795; it carries us into seven different countries; it contains much that is obscure; and has to be related to the formidable accumulation of detailed scholarship which has gathered round the Johnson circle. In any hands, the work entailed would be a matter of years; and Boswell's Papers, in a completely edited form, can only be issued slowly and by degrees.

Colonel Isham has rightly felt that the unannotated text of the principal MSS should be given a printed form with no such protracted delay. An *editio princeps* of this nature will, it is believed, meet the wishes of many Collectors, without prejudice to a future public edition, to be issued in due course, as the editorial preparation permits. And the presence of this text in certain of the

principal Libraries may, it is hoped, be of service to scholars who require an early access to the documents here printed.

It will readily be conceived that a collection of MSS such as has been described, consisting in part of carefully hoarded treasures, in part of the flotsam and jet-sam of years, left by a man who seems never to have willingly destroyed a written paper, presents many initial problems of selection.

To the inequality which must be inherent in any miscellany of partly casual origin, is added the fantastic inequality of Boswell himself. The proofs of his genius lie mingled with the evidences of his futility. If Boswell himself—who printed *The Cub at Newmarket*—had the heart to leave worse things unprinted, his judgement should not lightly be reversed. That some selection must at any time be exercised, is manifest. Probably no two editors would reach quite the same conclusion as to how much deserved publication, or was capable of publication in the present form.

But, though there might be some disagreement in

apportioning them, all who might examine the papers would, I believe, agree that in point of importance they fall into three categories:

- (1) MSS of such remarkable value or curiosity that they should be given a printed form without delay.
- (2) MSS of markedly inferior interest, and others which stand in need of protracted research before they can usefully be published.
- (3) A residuum of papers too trivial to be printed; although a few specialists might desire to consult them in MS.

It is the documents belonging to the first of these classes that the present volumes have been planned to contain. The absence of a commentary explaining the minor references does not, in their case, invalidate either the usefulness or the readability of the text. The personality of Boswell pervades the pages and requires no showman. Or they are from the pen of his closest intimates or of his great contemporaries. They are the outstanding documents of the collection.

The papers from Malahide fall into a number of well

defined groups relating to successive episodes or clearly marked interests in Boswell's life. And for the purpose of this edition, which admits of numerous, not excessively lengthy units, it is, I think, most logical and most convenient to respect this division.

Each volume will thus possess a unity of subject, and the papers are distributed according to matter rather than form. This arrangement is combined with a broad chronological sequence in the collection of volumes as a whole. Since Boswell's autobiographic papers do not, for the reasons given, admit, at this date, of a unified treatment, it seems clearly indicated that the more valuable and literary diaries should be published in the volumes to which, by date and subject, they severally belong.

Thus, in the chief successive chapters of Boswell's life, the evidence of the correspondence and the journals will be placed in a single view. Any eventual annotated edition of the papers would, almost necessarily, be conceived on an entirely different plan; and the arrangement imposed by the special circumstances of this edition may then, I hope, retain an interest and convenience of its own.

To the papers thus grouped I have added such brief introductions as seemed necessary.

One volume, different in character to the rest, is devoted to a consideration of the evidence, furnished by the Malahide papers, of Boswell's methods as a biographer, and to tracing the successive stages through which the *Life of Johnson* passed to its completion. This question is of such outstanding interest that it seemed to call for separate editorial treatment.

THE TEXT

In the first printing of old documents, fidelity to the small eccentricities of the script will not be thought pedantic.

It was Boswell's own habit, in preparing his MSS for the press, to rectify and conventionalize his spelling and capitals and other irregularities, or to allow the printer to do so. But this is precisely a reason for not doing so in the present case. These are informal MSS, written with no immediate eye to publication and never revised by Boswell for that purpose. Had Boswell corrected any minor irregularities in his Journals he would at the same time have altered, polished and condensed their style. It is much fairer to him and to the reader that the informal and private character of the material should be displayed in the typography.

At the same time, those who are interested in Boswell's writings as literature will desire to receive the text in a clear and readable form. The exact record, for example, of Boswell's erratic punctuation would be paid for at too great a price; and there are one or two small conventional changes, enumerated below, which it has seemed right to make. A verdict on this head might, even yet, be found: "Sir, as to the *last refinements* of exactness, such scruples (with an aweful look) are proper to Holy Writ; but you are to consider how very laughable or disgusting they must appear, could we suppose them extended, at some time hereafter, to the unpondered scribbles of———," (indicating with derision a gentleman who was present). The Gentleman: "But is this not fantastical?" Johnson: "Why, Sir, it is highly fantastical: it is to set no limit to the aberration of posterity."

⁽¹⁾ Spelling: Boswell's spelling has been exactly adhered to throughout.

⁽²⁾ Capitals: His unconventional use of capitals has been retained. It is true that in some cases (A, M and O) his differentiation is often uncer-

tain, and that, in most, his usage is merely capricious. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that his capitals occasionally carry a shade of distinction or emphasis.

- (3) Abbreviations: Boswell has a number of standard abbreviations: wt. for with, a crossed a for against, evg. for evening, break. for breakfast, etc. These are merely signs standing for the full word and have no value of personal idiosyncrasy. To preserve them (or to indicate their expansion by brackets) is an impediment to the ease of reading the text. The liberty of expanding them has, however, been used with strict reserve. (i) It is employed only in regard to standard abbreviations. To go bevond this is undesirable in a newly published document, especially in regard to proper names. (ii) The distinction between Boswell's most careless and unstudied notes and his deliberate writing is important. The two classes of MS are differentiated by the neatness or untidiness of the script, and, verbally, by the frequency of the abbreviations. Consequently, to expand the latter may be to mislead the reader to some extent as to the character of the document. Therefore, while it seems reasonable to expand the standard abbreviations when they occasionally occur in Boswell's careful MSS, they are left as they stand when there is occasion to print, or quote from, his hurried notes. The two classes of documents in the original are unmistakably distinct.
- (4) Punctuation: Boswell's punctuation is commonly chaotic, absent or misleading. The same applies to his use of quotation marks. It has seemed necessary to repunctuate the text extensively. In this, I have taken the same liberty as Professor C. B. Tinker in his admirable edition of the letters.
- (5) Accents: I followed the same precedent in correcting and restoring the accents in Boswell's French, without altering his fantastic grammar and spelling. Boswell seems to have employed French accents merely decoratively; he habitually confuses the grave and acute; and often in

the course of one paragraph accents the same word in two or three different ways. The result is not only excessively disturbing to the reader, but it has the effect of completely falsifying the sound he intends and believes himself to convey. His grammar and spelling, on the other hand, represent French as he heard and spoke it; and these could not be corrected without radically transforming the character of the document.

- (6) In other respects ordinary typographic usage has been observed. Foreign words and quotations occurring in an English context are italicised, as also are the titles of books and songs. Boswell's MS shows no consistent habit in these conventions, but the clarity and readability of the printed page benefits by their observance.
- (7) In the editorial sections such quotations as are drawn from the newly found MSS are printed in italics; quotations from already known sources are left in Roman type. The reader can thus distinguish at a glance between the new and old.
- (8) Defects in MSS: If an editor may expand four letters which have been contracted by his author, he should be allowed, without the intrusion of irritating brackets, to supply one which has been devoured by a worm. But all defects in the MSS, which have involved the loss of more than one single self-evident letter, are typographically shown.
- (9) References: The Life of Johnson and the published Letters of Boswell are indicated merely as Life and Letters respectively. The references are to the two standard editions: G. B. Hill's Life of Johnson, in 6 volumes, 1887, and Prof. C. B. Tinker's edition of the Letters, 2 volumes, 1924.



EARLY PAPERS

OF

James Boswell

1754-1763



WITH THE RECORD OF

DAVID BOSWELL'S OATH

Devised, Written and Witnessed by

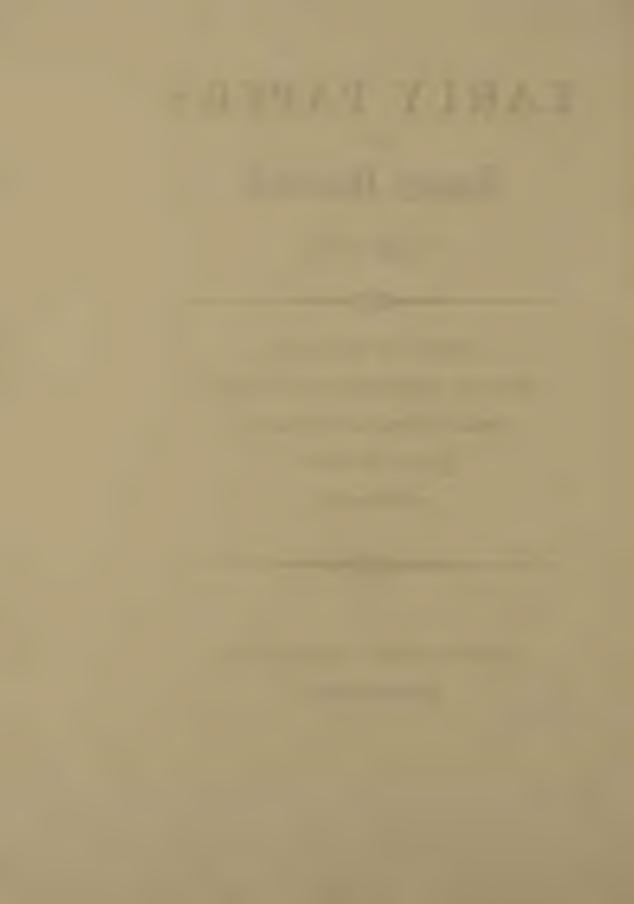
JAMES BOSWELL

29 October 1767

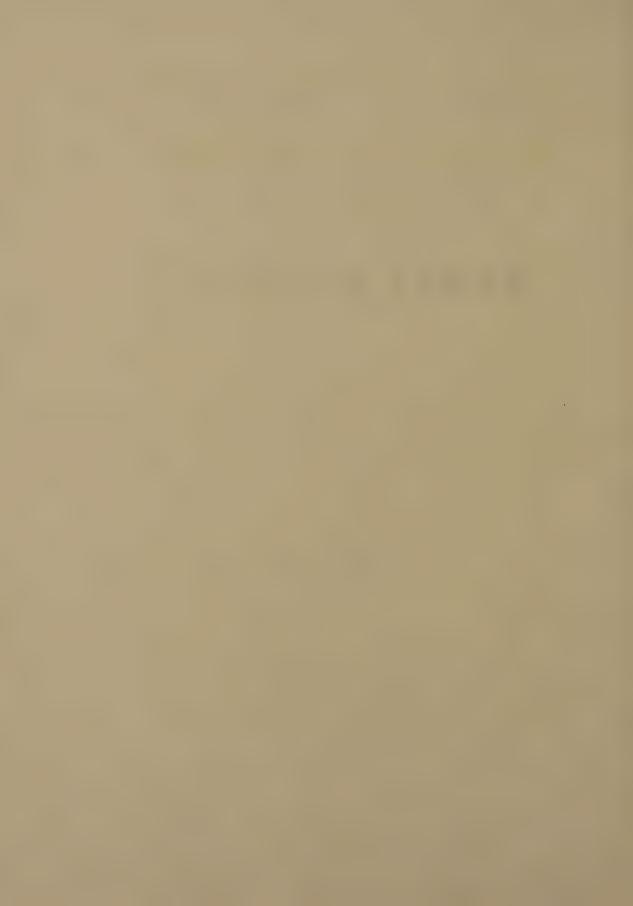


PRIVATELY PRINTED

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EARLY PAPERS



EARLY PAPERS

INTRODUCTION

THE earliest of the papers in Boswell's hand, which we find to have been preserved at Malahide Castle, takes us back to July 1754 when he was thirteen years of age,—a date four years before that of his first published letter to Temple. We catch for the first time, if only for an instant, an authentic image of Boswell's boyhood: of Boswell in miniature. From that date the present volume extends to August 6, 1763 when, leaving Dr. Johnson on the shore at Harwich, he set forth on his Continental adventure. This day is decisive for Boswell's destiny: the seal is set on the new friendship with Johnson; the die is cast for a legal career; and the journey begun which will lead him to Paoli.

Up to his departure from England the juvenility, which to the last may be considered a distinguishing feature of Boswell's character, is extremely marked. He is still more or less under tutelage, and uncertain as to his profession: it is not until a few months before his departure that he renounces his desire to obtain a commission in the Guards. His Continental studies and travels, culminating in the Tour to Corsica, are an interlude apart, from which he returns with habits of independence, a knowledge of the world and some fixity of ambition. Thus we

have clear-cut divisions; and the date when, electing finally for the Law and the Grand Tour, the heir of Auchinleck took ship for Holland, affords a logical point at which to terminate his Juvenilia.

Letters

THE letters from Boswell which fall within this period are only two in number.

(1) That of July 17, 1754, addressed to Lady Auchinleck, is not only the earliest extant document in Boswell's writing, but almost the only piece of evidence of his relation to his Mother, of whom Boswell, who tells so much of all that concerned him, never had anything to say except that she was a woman of exemplary piety. And, to judge by this letter, piety was certainly the note of her intercourse with her son, who retained through life the deep tinge of her early instruction. No one, in spite of the notoriety of his dissipations, ever questioned Boswell's sincerity in this regard, nor does the comically sententious roll of these childish sentences suggest the slightest hypocrisy; we distinguish, rather, the echo of Mr. Dun's pulpit utterances falling upon the rapt attention of the child Boswell, enchanted with celestial imagery. The letter is addressed to "The Right Hon. My Lady Auchinleck," his father having assumed the title only five months previously on being admitted a Lord of Session (Feb. 14, 1754).

Lady Auchinleck was the daughter of Colonel John Erskine. Through her, Boswell was connected with the houses of Mar and Dundonald. Overshadowed by her formidable husband, and scarcely ever mentioned by her son, this lady terminated her faint existence in January 1766. Boswell, in Paris, read the news in the St. James Chronicle, and took characteristic steps for his consolation.

The signature with the single *l* conforms to Lord Auchinleck's practice. His son, returning to the original usage of the family, adopted the spelling *Boswell* in the latter half of 1758. Dr. Johnson invariably wrote *Boswel*.

(2) The second letter is addressed to John Johnston, of Grange. Although Temple, remote in Devon and Cornwall, was always distinguished by Boswell as "my most intimate friend," his companionship with Johnston (or "worthy Grange" as he is usually styled) was far more continuous. Johnston owned an estate at Tundergarth in Dumfries; but resided largely at Edinburgh as Writer to the Signet. He was (says Boswell) "too much of an indolent philosopher to have great business, being rather a worthy country gentleman with a paternal estate of £100 a year." Over the long periods when he and Boswell were in the same city he figures as his close and confidential adviser. Their intercourse was unbroken until Grange's death in July 1786.

Journal

In this small collection of *Juvenilia* the most important, as well as by far the longest document, is the "Journal of my Jaunt: Harvest 1762." It is thus precisely four years later than that first "exact journal," still lost, which we know Boswell to have initiated "dur-

ing the vacancy in harvest, . . . at the particular desire of my friend Mr. Love," and to have sent him "in sheets, every post."

The journal shows us Scottish eighteenth century life in a series of country-house groups. The gifts of Johnson's biographer are here all foreshadowed; already it is character in its social aspect which fixes Boswell's attention; already, in each new company, he is aiming to "mark" the salient feature by the concise phrase; he is the zealous collector of literary anecdote, extracting tales of Pope from Lord Marchmont as they ride round his fields after breakfast; further, he has "got into an excellent method," he says (October 24) "of taking down conversations." The narrative is pervaded by a freshness and candour which Boswell himself (whose genius it is to have maintained these untainted qualities to the end) never displayed more simply than here.

One point in this diary is of special interest. It contains the earliest of Boswell's dicta about Johnson. All the other known references to his early admiration for his friend are ex post facto. Here we have a full contemporary account of his views of Johnson eight months before the great encounter took place. The entry for September 21 provides a convincing proof that Boswell, when he laid siege to Johnson in the following year, was not merely hunting a lion, but doing homage to a philosopher he had closely and reverently studied. Sheridan and Francis Gentleman had indeed stimulated his curiosity; but Boswell is not dazzled by the fame of his hero. On the contrary, the circle of critics most influential in his own world will allow the author of The Rambler "nothing but heaviness, weakness and affected

pedantry." Boswell, at this date, has no personal motive for championing Johnson; and he is obliged, in defending him, "to differ from My Lord Kames, Mr. (Adam) Smith, Dr. Blair, and some others whom I have the honour to call my learned friends." This is an early instance of that strength and independence of literary judgment which later on Boswell was ready to maintain even against Johnson himself. In 1762 he had weighed, approved and (honestly discerning his required Mentor) chosen the Rambler. From this fact the rest follows. In the light of it, Boswell's comical pride in the achieved friendship may be sympathetically seen to contain more Scottish earnestness than London vanity.

Of the figures that pass across this Scottish scene, only one or two (apart from his familiar friends Dempster, Erskine and Bruce Campbell) were destined to play any continuous or considerable part in Boswell's life. Lord Kames, an intimate of Lord Auchinleck's and his colleague on the bench, maintained to the end a cynical interest in his friend's eccentric son. Boswell, on his side, played with the idea of writing Lord Kames' life. It is to be regretted that this never took shape for the subject was a fine one; the dicta of the great judge are notable, whether we recall his jibe at an old chess-friend who stood in the dock, before him, convicted of murder, "That's checkmate for ye, Matthew"; or the last words he spoke in Court when, a few days before his death at eighty-six, he smiled round with his Voltairean grin upon his red-robed colleagues and pronounced "Fare ye weel, ye bitches." Consumed by an incredible energy, this lean figure was to be dis-

cerned at night, striding with a lantern to inspect his plantations, when all the hours of the day had been divided between law and metaphysics, and those books of his which Johnson and Goldsmith pronounced unreadable. He died in 1782, after cynically inquiring of Boswell what account of his dissipations he should carry to Lord Auchinleck in the next world. A characteristic early letter from Boswell to Lord Kames is in great measure preserved in the Journal of his Tour through Germany. (See Vol. III).

With Hume also, though in a lesser degree, Boswell kept up that acquaintance which he had described to Temple (29 July 1758) as "very proper for a young man to cultivate." But Boswell was always much exercised by Hume's infidelity, and it was with a keen sense of excellent "copy" that, in 1776, he succeeded in obtaining from the great sceptic upon his death-bed, a full-length interview on the Annihilation or Immortality of the Soul. The full record survives, and will be printed in a later volume. "Laird Heron," the Ladies of Kelly, Donaldson, the princely publisher, and a few secondary figures continue to appear occasionally in his papers, but most of the country company whom Boswell has, to use his favourite phrase, "here marked," disperse and vanish from his life.

This is background. Against it, Boswell has set out to delineate—to discover—himself. The egoism is complacent, but it is sane, candid and untheatrical. He does not seek to loom more than life-size. In each well-populated group one brightly-coloured figure is recurrent; much as in a primitive sequence of pictures the same saint may be seen, variously, creditably, yet

not too conspicuously employed. His self-interest does not prevent his seeing himself on the same scale as other people: a faculty (rare in adolescent diaries) which will be of inestimable service in the *Life*.

In his diary of September 1780, Boswell speaks of reading a parcel of old letters "written at the most foolish period of my life, viz twenty-one to twenty-three," and was "sunk," he says, "by viewing myself with contempt, though then a genius in my own eyes." It is true that when the young genius was writing for effect (as in his letters and published verses) he assumed a vapid or a ponderous swagger at which he may well in later years have winced. The simple and more becoming truth is to be looked for in his Journal. Even here a marked change of style will be noticed between his opening paragraphs where he is writing to impress some friends who will be shown the journal, and the plain narrative where he forgets them.

The Harvest Jaunt, indeed, supplies for the first time a convincing portrait of Boswell at the period of his first entry on the world. What we have hitherto been shown—the hero of the Cub at Newmarket and the King of Soapers—was scarcely a credible figure. So clumsy and fatuous a buffoon, however goodnatured, might have been tolerated and laughed at, but he would scarcely have been accorded the wide welcome which Boswell evidently received. The character which transpires from this journal is different and subtler. His high spirits are better mannered, the farce less frequent and more amusing. We see him in the perpetual and transparent variation of his moods;

exceedingly Scotch, anxious if possible to venerate, and always ready to sympathise—even with the inn-keeper who is humiliated by the badness of his own inn; musically carolling Macheath in "The Beggar's Opera"; gay, with an infectious absurdity which carries the company; portentous; brooding on books and "resolving to be in earnest," only to show himself off as "a very principal person" at a Punch and Judy show. Such is Boswell at twenty-two. He turns over the crystal, and every facet reflects the countenance of a child.

The MS. unbound, but very carefully written, is on 195 quarto pages.

Relics and Memoranda

ON the outer fringe of a life-long collection of documents one may expect to find a few sparse unrelated papers which have been treasured for early associations. The relics of boyhood usually survive in the first instance merely by chance and are then preserved from motives of sentiment. Their value as curiosities, which caused Boswell to preserve them, will not seem to have diminished with the years. Two or three such documents of this miscellaneous character are here reproduced in facsimile and will be described in their places.

The first private records of Boswell's friendship with Johnson, dating from a few days after their encounter, must have an appeal to the curiosity of a Johnsonian. They are therefore printed (although of so slight and fragmentary a nature) among the items of this class.

L E T T E R S

- 1. To Lady Auchinleck, 1754
- 2. To John Johnston, 1763



LADY AUCHINLECK

My Dear Mamma,

great Joy. I was indeed very sorry to hear of the death of my poor little Brother, but however We must be submissive to the hand of a wise Providence that superintends every thing that is done here below. Perhaps The Almighty Lord and Soveraign of the universe, saw some storm impending that might have proved fatal to the æternal salvation of his precious and immortal Soul and therefore for wise ends and purposes (though unknown to us) removed him out of this Valley of tears, this World of Sin and Misery unto the World which is above; that new Jerusalem where there is Joy and pleasures for evermore. Better it is My Dear Mamma to think that insteed of it may be living a bad Life in this World he is now singing Halelujahs to him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb that redeemed him and shed

shed his precious blood for him. And besides if he had been more advanced in years it would have been a much greater grief to you. I was over on Saturday last at Barskimming paying a visit to Lady Glenlee who heartily sympathises with you. Mrs. Reid and the Child are still in a good way, Ochiltree Sacrament is to be next Lord's day the fast is tomorrow I design to attend all the diets. We have had a set of very fine weather and have cut down a good deal of Hay. We begun this day to mow in the Inclosure. Mr. Frazer has been very good Company, according to your orders we have given him sometimes Punch sometimes strong Ale. He went over to Cattrine last night but will be here this day. I sometimes try the shooting and have shot 2 Sparrows which I know will disoblige My Lord but as I am sorry for my fault and am henceforth to shoot at other birds such as Magpies and Crows I hope his Lo [rdshi]p will pardon me. Johnie and Davie are very well. Davie has got a better Stomach than ever I saw him have. They with Mr. Fergusson Join me in our kind service to you and My Lord. I am My Dear Mamma your loving and affectionate Son

JAMES BOSWEL

Auchinleck. July 17, 1754.

You may a reported that your say declacity one me great fry, I may intect very sorry to pear of the death of ry positile biethis, out proceed to must be successive I to nand is a wine is vider or that suspendends every the but is some him occess. Bihaps while Munighly Lord and Sover the universe can come derm in hen to gether wield there has ducto the aternal substica, in fre ous are immerial den ed the never primue and and purposes (though unknown Lous) ten n! He Will This is held ve; that went for its a bem is feete there i I say pecasure pie am te. I thered is it is constance. The thing to it is it is constance. . is not singing there upods to pair that All the ufon the thin ricen. The besides of he had moreadvanced in years il won are our amuch greiter give to you. In a recient saturday, set at Parchimmer of traheing a visit to Lady quences who exting sympathics shill you. In the Rois and the Child it then in a good way, the tra Sociament is to be next orde day the post is tomorrow , I design to all me and the lield the pare had a set of very fine weather and had not town spect dert of they to be pay this try to more the Mickey wire. My Shazer has been very good Comp according to your orders his have given him sometimes in hermelines strong ohe the west rolle (alline in will of peril of tiere this day, I semetimes truthe st. y and have shot responsives to the the comming stionery of the contract and an home-for short at their brids such as Maghies and Grows They o ket will paidon me Johnie and Paris are very se rice has got a bitter Mounch than over Isan himhar her with all rhispiguen from me in our kond sorrice
you are ally to the dam to the trans and not your
withen took a service to an over the trans a fectionale Son uly 17 1734 . ames Bosnel The Right konkle

JOHN JOHNSTON OF GRANGE

Inner Temple, 16 July, 1763

Dear Sir,

My last letter was of the humourous kind. This must not be so. It would be like forcing two Syllabubs down a man's throat when he had only a mind for one; or perhaps it would be like forcing a man to marry two Wives, when he would gladly be free from them both. This last likeness I must retract, for indeed, Johnston, I believe you have no aversion at receiving a letter from me, and were you sure that a wife would give you as much entertainment and as little trouble, I am perswaded that you would marry tomorrow. But indeed, my friend, there is a very great difference between a Letter and a Wife. A letter may be transported from one end of the Kingdom to another, in the slight vehicle of a piece of paper; and if we know a Member of Parliament,

Parliament, it will cost us nothing. But a Wife cannot be moved even a few miles without a Post-Chaise, or some other wheel Carriage and, altho' we are intimate with both the houses of Lords and Commons, we can never have our Spouses to travel gratis. A Letter is a silent Companian. A Wife a noisy one. If a Letter displeases us, we can tear it in pieces, or throw it into the fire, or apply it to other purposes; But should we tear even the hair of a Wife, or burn one of her fingers, a terrible Uproar would immediately ensue. The peace of the family is broke, would be the dolefull cry, and perhaps a criminal Prosecution might be commenced and a severe Judge might oblige us to pay costs and damages. A Letter allways remains of the same size and is never known to multiply. But a Wife swells to an enormous magnitude, and brings forth many more Beings of her own species. A Letter neither requires meat nor Cloaths. But a Wife must have a sufficient share of both; especially of the Latter. They have indeed some circumstances in common. A Letter is of a frail contexture. So is a Wife. We are jealous of another man's reading our Letters: and we are jealous of another man's kissing our Wives. When we first receive a Letter, we are fondest of it,

and

and see most Beauties in it: and when we first marry a Wife, we like her best, and see most charms about her. A Wife indeed may have a very substantial advantage over a Letter. A Letter can never possess a handsom fortune in it's own Person and convey it to us. But a Wife may. When such a Wife shall present herself, with tollerable qualifications besides, then O Johnston! do you enter into the honourable estate of Matrimony, till which happy time I remain

Your most sincere friend,

JAMES BOSWELL



JOURNAL OF MY JAUNT HARVEST 1762.



JOURNAL OF MY JAUNT HARVEST 1762.

INTRODUCTION

THINK it is proper to say something by way of Introduction to this Journal; Not at all by way of ceremonious formality in order to give it Dignity and Eclat, as is the case when Ladies of Quality on a tour of Visits are ushered into a drawing room. But as it is a certain truth that what comes unexpected appears greater than it realy is, and as I am seriously affraid that my Journal will rather be bad than otherwise, I would chuse to have it considered with a microscopic eye, which, altho' Nature has denied it literaly to Man, yet may belong to him at times, metaphoricaly. Indeed I would retract my expression of being seriously affraid, for as it is only intended for the perusal of Doctor Mcguhae and Johnstone I shall be quite easy and unconcerned. Let us then consider the Introduction in another light, which I am positive is a just one. For I would not chuse again to be unsaying what I had a little ago gravely affirmed. It has an aukward and ridiculous look and, not to wander far out of this plain road which I am now pursuing, it may be observed that a man who is found out to be changeable in his opinions, and especialy in his schemes of life, is look'd upon by the generality of Mankind as a Weak and often a silly fellow.

For

For with the Multitude, obstinate perseverance, even in dullness, meets with more quarter than the most sprightly fickleness. The light in which I would now consider it is, as when a man wants to bring his friend acquainted with a Man of Genius and finds it proper to explain his character a little, in order to make him relish the sooner. The Character of my Journal is a very mixed one. As it is written for Amusement and in a careless dissipated way, it cannot fail to be very incorrect both in the Arrangment of the Subjects and in the Expression. It must therefore meet with much indulgence, and, altho' it should appear sometimes trifling and insipid and sometimes stupidly sententious, it must not be allowed to disgrace it's Writer. As it is written at different times and in different humours it will have great variety. Sometimes I would hope it will not be defficient in good sense, and sometimes please with the brilliancy of it's thoughts and the elegant ease of it's language. Now and then it will surprise with an oddity and peculiar turn of humour or a vivacious wildness of Fancy. I have divided it into days from the love of Regularity; but these days will be of a very unequal length according as I find myself disposed for Indolence or Activity. If it shall give any pleasure to those whom I regard, I shall think myself fortunate. At any rate, I have an immediate satisfaction in writing it.

Tuesday September 14.

I set out about 8 o'clock accompanied by Mr. Chalmers of Fingland who was so good as to be my guide to Kenmore, or, as

People

People who chuse to show that they have either read or heard People talk about the *Æneid* of Virgil, and who have, moreover, a fancy that can substitute land for sea, would call my Palinurus. We got to Polquhaim to breakfast and they are good sort of People and made much of me, as the phrase is; I liked it well enough. After breakfast we rode through a wild muir for 8 miles to Dalmellington. My mare at one place fairly, or, if a Pun may be allowed, fouly, got into a mire while I threw myself off and lay extended on the rushy green with my Os sublime levelled against the Sky. As I was in very good humour and was very sensible of Fingland's kindness, I was very attentive to his entertainment, told him several good Stories, and what is more, diligently listned to his. We came to Berbeth to dinner, the Seat of the Laird of Craigengillan. It is an agreable Place enough of the kind, the fields being brought to a good verdure and the rising grounds planted. We were entertained with a hearty wellcome. A Niece of the Laird's was our Landlady, a good-looking young Woman; but as her Employment has allways been to milk the Cows, and her Companions the Inhabitants of the Kitchen, She was of little or no service to us. The Company was compleated by the Laird of Camler, an honest country Gentleman who understands Grazing and does not want sense and home-spun humour. By the time that dinner was over, I had exhausted all my little stock of country conversation, I mean of tilling the ground and feeding Cattle; and as no other could be well understood, at least could not please; I was heartily wearied. I was now in a disagreable state of suspence whether

whether to go or stay. It was a very wet afternoon and I had 8 miles to Waterhead's; however I rather chose to have my shell, as Anacharsis called the Body, lashed by the rain than my mind rendered fretfull by an uneasy state of Stagnation. Accordingly we set out to the great joy of Fingland, upon whom the Laird had played several coarse jokes, which made him be of opinion that he was not at all an agreable Companion; and he likewise added that we would have got raw rooms and damp beds, which I beleive was a pretty just Apprehension and weighed somewhat with me. As we were severely pelted by a smart Shower which Boreas took a malicious pleasure to drive full in our faces, we rode with amazing celerity which made my Blood circulate and my Spirits rise to a surprising pitch. And here let me indulge a Reflection upon the beneficial effects of Activity and Resolution which strengthen the body and invigorate the mind. Of this I then had a minute specimen; and this will make me chearfully reason that when the Guards are ordered upon Service, altho' it may appear very irksom to the gay Captain musing upon it amidst the splendor of St. James's, yet to the spirited Officer when once engaged in it, it will seem easy and agreable. We came in to Lagwine as it grew dark, and found it a most hospitable Retreat. Never did I look upon an Apartment with so much satisfaction as upon the Parlour there, neatly box'd round and paper'd on the roof with a handsom carpet on the floor; a large fire blazing in the Chimney and two young Ladies at Needle-work with contentment in their looks. Mr. Macadam was at the Muir selling Lambs, not to return till

next day. However we were vastly well. Everything at Supper was neat and clean, and after the cloth was removed we had a Bottle of genuine Madeira brought home by Captain Macadam. Miss Macadam is a fine, sensible, goodhumoured, lively Girl and sings prettily. We played parts of the Beggar's Opera, I Macheath, and She Polly, realy very well, and whenever the Song was done Fingland gave unfeigned Applause. I was here perfectly happy. As a Cousin I had their Affection; as being very clever, their Admiration; and as Mr. Boswell of Auchinleck, their Respect. A noble Complication.

Wednesday September 15.

I now began to feel the advantage of having a Servant; however I shall expatiate upon that and draw the character of my Boy at the conclusion of this jaunt. The day past lightly on with genteel meals, lively conversation, playing on my German flute, singing Songs and reading Orrery's letters on the Genius and life of Swift. They are very pretty and although not extremely penetrating are filled with ingenious observations and amusive anecdotes. There was a number of children here of 10, 9, 8, 7, 6 who did not disturb us at meals, but were allowed sometimes to be in the room. Full of Swift's Maxim of vive la Bagatelle I made them furnish me infinite Entertainment. I Contrived it so that they should be guilty of what I termed enormous crimes, for which they were to be ordered for immediate Execution; made the one with the most curious visage the Macer, and had sentence pronounced against the felons

in the Rhodomantade stile of our Courts of Justice, and then, with their hands behind their backs, made a fashion of whipping them thro' the Town, an Operation with which they were highly delighted. O happy years of Childhood when our very punishments are agreable. I think I have said more for the tender age than any Body: however I am not of my own opinion here as the Irishman said, for I cannot say that I found my Punishments when at School to be pleasant. At night Mr. Macadam came home, who is a sensible well bred Gentleman. He brought with him the Laird of Daton who, from having a pretty fortune, is reduced to live in a Cottage. He is a tall lean man of tollerable parts, but has that happy absence of feeling which makes men easier under adverse fortune than all the reasoning of Philosophy; which, altho' it may convince the reason, cannot freeze the Passions. There was likewise with him a Mr. Shaw who has been a Writer in Edinburgh but has retired to the village of Dalmellington, near to which he has a tollerable Interest. The Country People have nicknam'd him Sir John Shaw. He is precise, starch'd and proud. Wears a dark brown Coat, a buff vest and black bretches; has a lank iron countenance; wears a weather-beaten scratch Wig; sits erect upon his chair, and sings Tarry Woo with the English accent. We past the Evening very merrily—I was very facetious and took much.

Thursday 16 September.

After Breakfast we left Lagwine and had a fine ride to the Kenmore which is a very noble Place. The House is situated on a beautiful

beautiful hill (like old Hardyknute's); behind it are wild Mountains and Woods; before it a pretty Plain with the river of Ken running into a Lake seven miles in Length, of which you have a large stretch under your eye finely diversified with natural Islands. My Lord received me in the kindest manner. He is a man of a good heart a chearfull temper and uncommon Genius. He has seen much of the World, knows Mankind well and reads a great deal. As his fortune is not great and as he married Lord Seaforth's Sister He retired to the Country, where he makes life very agreable. He is fond of all Country Sports; He reads, and he now and then has Company. He tells a story with much life and sings a comical song extremely well. As he has not many Neighbours he contrives to make the most of all the two leg'd animals near him, and in a manner creates Companions. Nathaniel Mcghie, a strange Caliban of a Clergyman, and Samuel Spaldie of Dullard, a drunken Laird, are by him rendered Props to his Existence, and upon them he composes the most ludicrous madrigals. He had with him Mr. Mcghie, Secretary to the Hunters, a cousin of his, a good-natured man, who has no aversion to be a Butt; altho' he takes care to have a good Præmium for every arrow that he receives, and being an Edinburgh Cloth Merchant is ever attentive to his own Interest. We were introduced to My Lady who was prodigiously handsom and is still a very fine Woman. She was in France from four year old to Eighteen and has a deal of Vivacity and Politeness and looks much like a Woman of Fashion. During this day I did not find myself so easy as I could have wished.

wished. I was somewhat grave and constrained and began to ruminate about setting off next day.

Friday 17 September.

I had been somewhat gloomy during the night. I slept in a large Bedchamber in a wing of the house detached from the rest. The Drawing room was next door to me, in which hung a Portrait of the Lord Kenmore, who was executed for High Treason upon Tower-Hill in the year 1715. As the terror for Ghosts was strongly imprest upon my imagination when young, altho' I have now got the better of it, yet it will now and then recurr upon me; I began to imagine that the beheaded Viscount would be that night sent to me to reveal something of importance with respect to the family. However, I awaked this morning serene and well and came to Breakfast in a most charming humour. I discovered that having just come from a Place where uncommon attention was paid to me, I had been uneasy from expecting that Lord and Lady Kenmore were studiously to set themselves about making everything appear agreable to me. Whereas, in reality, they had just the manners of People of Fashion, and it was my own fault if I was not easy. This was very evident, as things were just today as they had been yesterday, and yet I was different. Perhaps, indeed, this being my second day might make some odds. The Power of Custom is great, and it sometimes has a surprising effect in a short time. However so it was that we were all mirth and joy this day. Mr. Mcghie went away; and we went out and walked with 10-expatiate with a most delicion fluency of declamation on the charms of the French This I did as well as could be done from idea. My Lord agreed with us in thinking them the happiest Deople under the Sun confter dinn we went a mutting at which I is as very successfull . At tearch. Lady was uncommonly lively tun little pretty chansons triple light thro' the room, wrapped her loaper chin round me, I lished such little expressions of tenderness as are used to kehildren off whom one is fond. The had with her a turn Blackstock from Dumfries a lon ture that put moved upon spring was senseles wherey I run all her Emands with alactity of with sheed

This Creature had forgot to hu ngar in my loupy Saldy & stroken to with a xing sensi fely of look What I says she I I su Te there is so much sweethers arclefoly stirring the tea, but we her eyes be aming full upon min hat there is not need of Sugar CHANGE OF THE CONTRACT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE MEXICAL PROPERTY NOW NO CONTROL OF THE PORT OF THE POR KNACK LACK DESCRIPTION OF THE TAX AND THE PROPERTY OF THE TAX AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY seing elateds with the liking wh

My Lord; were very chearfull at dinner, and My Lady and I were as fond as you can imagine. She talk'd with regret of her leaving France, which made me pay her Ladyship some delicate compliments on the resemblance between her Situation and that of Mary Queen of Scots, and led me to expatiate with a most delicious fluency of declamation on the charms of Paris and the agreable manners of the French. This I did as well as could be done from idea. My Lord agreed with us in thinking them the happiest People under the Sun. After dinner we went a-nutting at which I was very successfull. At tea My Lady was uncommonly lively, sung little pretty chansons, trip'd lightly thro' the room, wrapp'd her Capuchin round me and lisped such little expressions of tenderness as are used to Children of whom one is fond. She had with her a Mrs. Blackstock from Dumfries, a Creature that just mov'd upon springs, was senseless and merry and run all her Errands with Alacrity and with speed. This Creature had forgot to put sugar in my Cup. Lady K. observed it, and with a pleasing sensibility of look, "What (says she) I suppose there is so much sweetness there (carelessly stirring the tea, but with her eyes beaming full upon mine) that there is no need of Sugar." [Her behaviour was such to me that, had she been an Englishwoman, I should have concluded that I had her affections and that an Intrigue would not be displeasing. But as I looked upon her Ladyship as une Dame de France, I was perfectly convinced that it was only the overflowings of a Gayete de Ceure, and especialy as My Lord was present I considered all her little Douceurs as the sportive expressions of innocent Gallantry. At the same time¹] I could not help being elated with the liking which she so evidently showed for me.

After tea My Lady carried me to her room with the children and showed me all her pretty trinkets, of which she has some very fine ones, and seemed to consider me in the easy light of one of the family and was happy to see me agreably amused. Before Supper I copied some of My Lord's Verses of which I shall give a Specimen². . . The Evening went well on. My Lady talked of meeting me at Paris as an Officer of the British Guards before I married, a scheme which I heartily acquiesced in.

Saturday 18 September.

I had by this time got the Acquaintance and the fondness of the Children; and their Tutor, Mr. Mcartney, having been formerly in the same class at the University of Edinburgh with me, I went up to the School and examined them. The eldest I found to be a heavy Boy. He is Captain Lieutenant to Scott's Regiment but is much inferior in parts to John, the second, who goes to sea. Here I cannot help censuring the method of most Families to their Children's Tutor, who is treated as a sort of cringing Animal little

better

¹ Passage in brackets deleted by Boswell. He has also (three lines above it) substituted *pleasing* for *languishing*.

²Lord Kenmore's Rabelaisian verses are of too stupid a kind to warrant printing. They are omitted, together with Boswell's brief explanation of their local references.

better than a livery servant and who sits at table like a condemned Criminal two days before his Execution. Here indeed my old acquaintance was fed above stairs in his own Garret, which I think a preferable scheme as it must be easier both for himself and other People. For my own part I have often felt very sensibly for them while in Company. How can it be expected that men of tollerable Genius and Spirit will undertake the ungracious Office? How can it be expected that Boys can have a proper reverence for a Being whom they see considered as an Insect, or how can they help despising learning and knowledge when their teacher is so shamefully used? My Lord and I parted with much cordiality and agreed to corespond by letters, from which I hope to have much Entertainment. We left him about eleven o'clock and rode 12 miles upon hard stony road encompassed with huge mountains mostly barren and rocky. We got to Kirroughtree about three o'clock and had a very kind reception from Mr. and Mrs. Heron and Lady Kames. As I am to be at Kames I shall defer drawing the characters of My Lord and Lady till then, as I think they may very well sit for their Portraits in their own house, considering that the Painter is to be entertained there like a Prince, or rather what he values much more, like a friend. Mrs. Heron, tho' not what one would stile a flaming Beauty, is a very elegant Woman. Her Person is tall and genteel and her face is very lovely and

In the MS contemptously (sic) is written above shamefully as an

alternative.

and expressive of good sense and sweetness of disposition, which, as we are told in the Elements of Criticism, pleases more than the most accurate arrangment of brilliant feautures in which we can see no traces of an amiable Mind. She has an excellent understanding and has had a compleat Education in every respect. She has a great deal of vivacity and an inimitable vein of drollery. Her sallies of humour, however, are allways chastised by a delicate correctness of Behaviour, which she possesses in a high degree, and which she owes to the affectionate care of her worthy Parents. She esteems and loves her Husband, equaly free from an affected coldness on the one hand, and a foolish fondness on the other. She promises to make a good Wife, and a very compleat Woman; to be a comfort and ornament to her friends, and to show a bright Example of the Influence of a rational and polite plan of Education. Mr. Heron is sensible, genteel, well-bred, has an uncommon good temper, and, at the same time, has all the spirit that becomes a Man. In the Evening arrived Mr. George Goldie, Secretary to the British Linnen Company. He was educated with Heron, which makes a strong connection. He is a neat young man very chearfull and very friendly. From his having a great degree of liveliness and not much knowledge of the World, his manners might now and then by severe People be construed as forward. But that wears off by time and a longer acquaintance with Society. I was in very high glee and talk'd away and sung with uncommon life. Here too is room for a little Philosophical Consideration. I have felt myself within these few weeks dull, uneasy and realy distrest.

Now

Now I am chearfull, easy and serene; and yet I am neither more sensible, more esteemed, nor more virtous than I was then. What is this owing to? How powerfull is the Imagination! What a great Proportion does it bear in this wonderfull frame, Man. Happiness and Misery can be alternately the Portion of a human Being according as the Imagination is affected, without the Intervention of any external cause, or any Workings of Reason. Of what infinite consequence is it for us to preserve it clear and bright, unpolluted with the dregs of black Melancholy. I am aware that the Imagination's having so great an Influence is not general. But, at the same time, I am convinced of that's being the case with the finer souls, of which I have Vanity enough to think myself one. The Discovery of that has not been made without pain, but pain and pleasure are finely proportioned by an Allwise Providence and I desire to be thankfull for my liberal share of the latter. Such an Imagination as mine must be gently soothed and tenderly indulged, tho' at the same time care should be taken that Reason remain it's superior. It is more agreable, as well as proper, to have it under direction.

Sunday 19 September.

Fingland, my faithfull guide, left me this morning. He is a man of moderate understanding and some taste, very honest and very obliging. He has a little estate in the Stewartry, and a Farm in tack from my Father upon which he lives. He seemed sorry to leave me. The Family went all to church and as I have no great opinion

opinion of the Presbyterian method of worshiping the Supreme Being, I stay'd at home and read Prayers. This day I felt a return of the Poetic Power which had been a stranger to me for some Months, and altho' the capricious Muse would never come at my most earnest Entreatys, she now arrived unsought. I amused myself with writing some Verses. At night Mrs. Heron read the Evening Service to us, and I beheld with delight so fine a Creature employed in adoring her Creator.

Monday 20 September.

I brought with me from Lord Kenmore's Menagina so named from Monsieur Menage. This is a miscellaneous Collection of good Stories and Bons Mots. In imitation of it I began this day a Work of the same kind under the title of Boswelliana, in which I intend from time to time to treasure up Wit and humour. At night Mr. Goldie read the Siege of Damascus to the company very well, which made Heron observe that he was [fitter for the Stage than the Linnen Office;] a delicate piece of raillery: to touch a man on what he is pleased to be joked upon. Raillery is indeed a very dangerous weapon, and it requires both a penetrating insight into the characters of our friends and Companions and a delicate masterly hand to use it without hurting. What is very slight at first may in the heat of contention come to be very rough. And therefore he who plays with so keen a sword had need to possess the greatest caution.

Tuesday

Tuesday 21 September.

Mr. Goldie went away to visit. The day was wet, yet my Spirits kept up. We diverted ourselves with cramboing to the tune of *Gillicranky* as thus: The accented syllable at the end is marked.

Keep ye weel frae Lord Galloway, Icon & Acon

For in Politicks he does betray.

Irum corum dacon.

Keep ye weel frae Lord Garlies,

Icon & Acon

For he's as great a Rogue as he's.

Irum corum dacon.

Keep ye weel frae Jamie Wemys,

Icon & Acon

For he rives a' the Women's seams.

Irum corum dacon.

Keep ye weel frae My Lord Kames,

Icon & Acon

For he claws a' the Women's Wames.

Irum corum dacon.

and such like which produc'd much laughter.

At night I read Swift's letter to a young Lady newly married, and some papers of the Rambler to the Company. I think Swift's Letter contains many just and sensible observations. But as he has indulged in an absurd railing against Women in general, and has contrived some of the faults which he imputes to them and greatly exagerated their real foibles, he has left himself open to a degree of ridicule which greatly weakens the Judicious parts of

his Essay. I think with the asistance of the Dean's Epistle and my own observation I could write something that would reprove with more Politeness and censure with a more delicate keeness. I cannot help differing from My Lord Kames, Mr. Smith, Doctor Blair and some others whom I have the honour to call my learned friends, with regard to the Author of the Rambler. They will allow him nothing but Heaviness, weakness and affected Pedantry. Whereas in my Opinion Mr. Johnson is a man of much Philosophy, extensive reading, and real knowledge of human life. I can produce numberless papers in the very Work which has led me to examine his character, in proof of what I have asserted. He has indeed sometimes a gloominess of thought and a Cynical Austerity, and as he was long immured in a College at Oxford and for some time after that was employed in teaching a School, he was so much accustomed to the Roman language as almost to think in it, which is the occasion of his being sometimes faulty on account of an inflated Rotundity and tumified Latinity of Diction. At the same time I have oftener admired him for a fluency and propriety of Expression. That the people of Britain should have received so grave a Work with uncommon Approbation is surprising, considering the Age of effeminate literary taste in which we live. Yet this is a certain fact. I well remember that at one of the dinners which the great Donaldson graciously gives to his Authors, Captain Erskine and one or two more of us were talking of the modern periodical papers—The World, the Rambler, the Adventurer, the Connoisseur—and having entered into a compar-

rison

136 I rannot help differing from My ford Frames, Mr. Hmith Booker Blair and some other whom ? have the honour to call my learned friends with vegard to the chutho of the trambler They will allow him nothing but Heliviness weak ness and affected Redahtry. When as in my Phinion Mr. I othnson is a Man of much Philosophy extensive reading and reade knowledge of haman life. I can produce numberless papers inthe very Work which las led me to examine his character in proof indeed sometimes a gloomine for of thought and of loynical aus terity, and as he was long in muned in a College at the ford was employed in teaching a school e was so much accustomed to the onan language as almost to hink in it, which is the reco ion of his being sometimes fan on account of an inflated otundity and tunified water Diction At the same time have oftener admired him for fluency and proposition of the the show ave received so grave a Work ith uncommon Approbation is Arriving, insidering the chas Expenienate literary taste in Noch we live yet this is a rtain fact. I well remember tat at one of the dinners which he great Donaldson gracious. ives to his Authors, Raplais whine I one or two more of us ere talking of the modern

rison of their several merits, some of us gave it for one and some for another. Mr. Donaldson who had thrown himself back upon his chair and listned to us with a very odd sort of attention, shook his head and with a contemptous smile accosted us thus: "Gentlemen, Gentlemen, you may talk, but I can tell you that there have been as many copies of *the Rambler* sold as of all the other papers put together." This significant asseveration had it's full force, and at once put an end to the dispute.

Wednesday 22 September.

At seven in the morning, Mr. Heron proposed that we should go a-hunting. This Exercise I was pretty much a stranger to and was not well equipped for, having two Horses which I bought for thirteen Pounds. However I mounted my Six Pounder and away we went to the field, where we soon had a very good chace, which I kept tollerably up at; only could not bring myself to venture a leap which now and then threw me out for a little. After this was over I felt myself so fond of it that I insisted upon having another which very soon presented itself. But, alas, while I, elated with an immediate view, Galloped on fearless and unconcerned, My Mare gave a sudden spring and I found her plunging in a deep broad ditch, the sides of which were almost choked up with ferns. I threw myself to the opposite side, but was up to the haunches in Water, in which I however did not long continue. The Bottom of the ditch being a thick Mud, and the sides a good deal raised above the surface of the Water, it was very difficult to get her out again

again and I stood like a Statue of Anxiety wrought by the hand of a Phidias, under much apprehension that she might be drowned and I deprived of the half of my Cavalry. However by the seasonable aid of one of Heron's Servants, John Cowie, a judicious active fellow, we had her fairly relieved without her sustaining any damage. I then got upon a spirited Hunter of Heron's. But finding her very headstrong and skittish, and being convinced that while I was affraid, I could not relish the Sport, I quitted her for my seven Pounder and thus could boast that I had changed three horses, altho' like a man who has chang'd many Wives, I perhaps lost as much as I gained. I now rode secure and had a noble chace. This Sport altho' it may not be able to stand the cool examination of a Philosopher, yet I find it gives me a prodigious flow of Spirits and raises my mind to a degree of Elevation next to that which I imagine is produced by War, or rather to talk with more precision, by a Battle. The Spectator has an excellent paper upon this subject. After Breakfast Lady Kames and I had a long walk in the Garden and much serious Conversation about Family Affairs. The Confidence which she reposed in me flattered me much. Indeed I must observe to my own honour that I have allways found People who were any how uneasy, glad to communicate their distresses to me, which is a strong sign of my being very amiable, for on no other account would they do it to one who can give them so little substantial Assistance. About five o'clock Lord Kames came which gave universal joy. He brought with him Sir Robert Maxwell of Orchardton whose History is remark-

able

able enough. He was sent over to France when very young and educated at the College of Doway. He then served as a private man in one of the French King's Scots Regiments, and was one of those few french troops that landed in Scotland in the year 1745. After the Rebellion was crushed he endured all the hardships imaginable till he at last made his escape to France. He had been educated very strictly in the Roman Catholic faith but afterwards, either from a superior degree of Judgment and clearness of reasoning from what he had formerly, or perhaps from having in reality no very strong Attachment to any particular mode of Religion, he became Protestant and in that Capacity had a claim to the Estate of Sir Thomas Maxwell of Orchardtoun, As it is a cruel thing to deprive a man of his property on account of his way of thinking, Mr. Maxwell only asked as much money as to purchase a Lieutenancy and a disposition to the Estate after his death; but this was refused; so that he was obliged to commence a Law Suit, which was determined in his favour; upon which he married Miss Maclellan of Barscob, a pretty agreable Woman and now lives very happily. Sir Robert is a good, honest, plain man, by no means destitute either of natural Sagacity or of knowledge. From an uncommon degree of Modesty he does not show so well in Company as he might well do. For, when with a few friends over a chearfull Bowl, he has his own share of humour. A little after the arrival of Lord Kames, came Mr. Murray of Broughtoun and Lady Katie. He is a most amiable man, has very good sense, great knowledge of the World and easy politeness

of manners. His Lady is very beautifull and, what is much more, very agreable, being posest of the most engaging Affability. I might expatiate at great length on their characters. They present a pleasing picture of matrimonial felicity. They seem like a Couple who have been married but a year and are indeed Evergreens in love.

Thursday 23 September.

In the forenoon we walked out to show Lord Kames the Place. It has a very good mixture, having behind it Wild hills and before it a pretty plain with the bay of Wigtoun. In the hollow about a mile to the South runs the river of Cree, upon which stand the Villages of Monigaff and Newton Stewart. Mr. Heron has a good house and Garden and a good many trees. After dinner Mr. Murray and I had a long conversation about my scheme of the Guards, and as I found him taking a concern for me, I told him with a sort of diffident ease, "I shall set every body a-working for me. I shall set you, Mr. Murray." He told me very obligingly, "Sir, I can do little for you. But I shall gladly run about." He added that he would introduce me to Colonel Brudenel and some more good People. He told me that General Douglas was the most proper man that I could get to push the thing for me; for that he was indefatigable in Business and, being a Man not much taken up with the gay world, and enervated with scenes of Dissipation, he could call upon a great man again and again and wait an hour in his parlour till he came down. Besides, as he was a great military man, that a character from him as an Officer might be very beneficial. Then for introduction into life, he would recommend Lord Adam Gordon and some People of that kind. It raised my spirits and made me look with pleasure on my scheme to hear him talk so finely about it. For certainly our Opinions of things are much determined by the light in which they are represented to us by others, notwithstanding we may perhaps be very well acquainted with them ourselves.

Friday 24 September.

Mr. Murray and Lady Katie left us, and I engaged to be at Galloway House, next day. After they were gone Lady Kames and Mrs. Heron told me that Lady Katie said she thought me the finest Creature she had ever seen, and that if she went to London next winter, which would probably be the case, that she hoped to see me every day in their house, and that I should be free, easy, and quite at home. This is a very great Acquisition to me, at least of hope, which is a great enjoyment and without which poor mortals who are so seldom pleased with the present, wou'd have a sad time. I talked much this forenoon about high roads, a plan for making them passable thro' Ayrshire, and of the necessity of building a good Public House at Ayr, and other sollid conversation which made Lord Kames say that he was proud of me. [I did not make a bad Pun or conceit, or whatever you call it, upon Lord Kames. "Soon after he had published his Elements of Criticism," said I, "he was standing very attentive to some Debate about the fine arts, before a great fire in the Session House. As he began

began to sweat prodigiously, 'I think,' said a comical fellow, 'the time is now come when the Elements shall melt with fervent heat.'"]¹

At dinner we had Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, whose character is pretty universaly known. Indeed he is much altered from what he has been. Formerly he was a genteel, pretty looking man. Now he looks like an over-grown Drover. He entertained us with many of the Exploits of his youth, which however were rather a little too marvelous.

Saturday 25 September.

Sir William Maxwell and Mr. Goldie went with me as far as Wigtown and I went on to Galloway House, where I was received with much complaisance by Lord Garlies and afterwards by all the family. It is well situated, being inclosed on three sides by the sea, which is a thing very seldom to be found. The House was designed by John Douglas, a Blockhead of an Architect. It is very heavy and very ill laid out. Lord Galloway is a Man of great quickness and uncommon spirits for his age. He has seen a great deal and has lived allways as a man of Pleasure, that is to say, he has followed his own inclinations. Politicks is the great Study of his life, which have led him to do things not at all right. He is a good

¹Boswell has scored out the passage in brackets, and added the words "Delete as profane, 1770." The date may just possibly be read as 1776; the influence of Johnson having, by either date, sharpened his already sensitive scruples.

good Father, a good Husband, a good Master. Had he never engaged in Politicks he might have past thro' life with esteem, without any disagreable Imputation. Lady Galloway is a tall stately Woman and in the last age was reckoned a Beauty. Mr. Hamilton of Bangour celebrates her in his poems as a Grace. She is a highchurchwoman in Religion, a Jacobite in Politicks, and has a forbidding stiffness of manners that is very disagreable. She is remarkably saving, altho' it is believed that My Lord is as much so as her Ladyship, altho' he takes frequent opportunities to censure her for it. She is very charitable and manages her family with much discretion. Lord Garlies is a little man with a great flow of animal spirits. He has been indulged and even idolized by Lord Galloway, which has given him a petulant forwardness that cannot fail to disgust People of sense and delicacy. He is also got into the Political tract, but as his parts are but inferior he will probably never equal his Father. Lady Garlies is very little and very young but has a sweetness and composure that is very pleasing. She has been well educated and has a turn for all the little amusements that serve to fill up vacant time, such as painting flowers and cutting paper, both which she excells in. Lady Harriet Stewart is well-look'd, sensible and agreable when her Mother is not present, of whom she stands most prodigiously in awe, which makes her appear to disadvantage. At night they went to Cards, and I got the key of the Library which contains a very good collection in very good order and, I imagine, not much hurt by being used.

Sunday

Sunday 26 September.

I amused myself with reading Hermippus Redivivus, or the Sage's Triumph over death and the grave, written by Mr. Campbell who is the principal Author of the universal History and some other great Works. This performance shows that the life of Man may be prolonged in health by the breath of young Girls—anhelitu Puellarum. For this he advances many ingenious arguments conveyed in easy and beautifull language. Lady Galloway made me a Present of Doctor Mckenzie's Essays and Meditations, which are very pleasing reading at certain periods; they speak forth the pious and benevolent soul of their Author. Lord Garlies and I had a long walk this forenoon. He made me many professions of regard. But he spoke too fluently and with too much rapidity to leave a strong impression. I did not find myself happy here. I was under restraint and my Genius was cramped. Their table, tho' plentifull, was yet narrow, and you seemed to be fed by measure. I had a cold damp room and in short I liked to think of quitting it next day.

Monday 27 September.

I was much prest to stay, but I was determined to go, so set out. I have discovered that a man may just do as he pleases if he will firmly resolve and practice following his humour. It is often said, "I could not do otherwise. They insisted upon my staying." "They insisted upon my drinking." I was once of the same mind, but I have found by agreable experience that this is a false maxim, and

and that the Hypothesis so often acceded to, is merely imaginary. For I am sure that if I am not overpowered by the strength of numbers, that I can and will soap my own beard. I felt a sensation upon my getting to Kirroughtree like what one feels upon getting home. It was a very wet afternoon and I was dull and stupid and in bad spirits. It is surprising what an effect the weather has upon some constitutions. I am sure I have felt it to a very great degree, and on a bad day have been very unhappy, lost relish for everything, despised myself for being so weak and so easily affected, have not been able to do any thing and so felt a load of time, which, of all burthens that poor mortals are doomed to bear, is the heaviest. Perhaps I have at last been relieved by some fancifull scheme of living in the south of france.

Tuesday 28 September.

I still remained gloomy and having engaged to meet Lord Galloway and Lord Garlies at Wigtown, I considered myself as the most unfortunate of mankind. Laziness and aversion to every kind of Activity is generaly the concomitant of bad spirits, and this was now my case. However to Wigtown I went and by the time I got there, I found myself pretty well, and immediatly waited on the two Lords, whom I found engaged with the Council, to whom I was introduced as my Father's old friends. We had a Supper and much Punch. I found the town was perfectly devoted to the family of Galloway. All our toasts were branches from the great tree under whose shadow The Council seemed fond

fond of sitting. After I was heartily tired of them, I went to my lodging which was at Mr. Boyd's, the Minister. Upon my coming there I found the old Gentleman had sat up to be ready to receive me, which he did with a cordiality and ease that was very pretty. He is a worthy man, not remarkable for great parts, but has a justness of sentiment and an easiness of manners which I liked greatly. We talked for about an hour about many Subjects especialy Doctor Mcquhae, for whom he has a great regard. I could see a complacency in the old man's countenance when I exprest my regard for the Doctor.

Wednesday 29 September.

I past the forenoon in going from house to house and visiting some of the People of the Place. They are very good sort of People, and were very fond to see me on my Father's account, for whom they exprest the highest Veneration and strongest affection. I had the art to behave with that circumspection, good sense and decent Affability that they said, "Ay, ay, he's just like his worthy Father." I went and sat a good time in Bailie Mcquhae's. I was happy to see the Father and Mother of the renowned Doctor of Divinity, to whom I wrote a letter dated from his Mother's Kitchen. The Bailie is a good-natured, indolent, honest man and Mrs. Mcquhae a smiling, sweet-tempered, active Woman. They exprest their gratitude strongly on account of my civility to their Son. This forenoon was the Election of the Magistrates and Council, where the despotic power of the Galloway family was displayed

displayed in turning out Mr. Mckonnel from being Town Clerk, and bringing in John Dun, their own man of Business. Lord Auchinleck was unanimously elected Lord Provost—the greatest mark of their regard for him. Wigtown is very well situated and as it has a very broad street and many good houses it is realy a pretty Village or rather Town, for I should be sorry to give it an appellation any how inferior to what it deserves. Lord Galloway gave us a dinner, after which I came back to Kirroughtree where I found Mr. Agnew of Shuchan, a genteel, ingenious gentleman.

Thursday 30 September.

We made a jaunt to see Baldune, Lord Kames and Mr. Heron in one Chaise, Lady Kames, Mrs. Heron and I in another. As I know nothing of farming I sat snug in the chaise. We stopt at Wigtown and took a glass of White-wine. As we drove home we had a little smart interfeering about some small offences, which made us sit with our mouths shut and our faces looking different ways for some minutes. In the afternoon I entertained Lord Kames by reading Swift's art of sinking in Poetry, a Performance which cannot be too often read as it's inimitable humour must allways please. At night we expected Lord and Lady Selkirk so that we were impatient for sometime, and when they did not come we found something wanting, and sauntered up and down in a sort of a restless uneasiness. Supper, however, and a glass of good Rhenish, composed our spirits and sent us chearfull and happy to bed.

Friday 1 October.

Mr. Heron went to the Burial of Lady Mackermore, and Lord Kames employed me as his amanuensis, an office which I discharged with much accuracy and chearfullness, and thought myself happy to catch the immediate observations of this ingenious Philosopher. In the evening Mr. Heron brought with him Castle Stewart, a Gentleman who formerly sat in Parliament, and is a man of sense and Business. This afternoon I had a walk with Mrs. Heron and much agreable elegant conversation. We past the evening in talking first upon Politicks, and then upon ghosts, Witches and the second sight, about which many curious storys were told and many curious observations made.

Saturday 2 October.

I forgot to mention upon Thursday that we had two very good chaces before breakfast. This day we went out; but saw nothing. Mr. Agnew of Dalreagle, an agreable little man enough, and his sister a neat, well-behaved Girl din'd with us. Lady Kames was somewhat sulky and somewhat hard upon me this day at dinner, which I laugh'd off. Nobody has so much allowance for the weakness and inconsistency of their fellow creatures as I have, and nobody can bear with them more patiently and laughably. Many a time has it happened that very good friends have been set at eternal variance by some little trifling quarrel which might have been easily overlooked. Mr. Agnew played some tunes to us upon

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the German flute very sweetly. I at present find myself exceedingly dull and lazy. I write with little ease or pleasure. I want liveliness of fancy, and am at a loss for expression. I consider my Journal as a severe task which I would gladly be rid of. However I am resolved to go on with it, and at least to show my inclination to do well, by taking the same or rather much more trouble than it would cost me to put down the productions of a fertile Genius. The Custom of allways doing something is very usefull. It keeps us from acquiring a settled dronishness. And this is certainly true, that altho' stupidity may sometimes prevail, yet there is often a sunshine of Imagination. I should have told that upon friday the 24 of September we had the Kirn, which I think a good practice to make the labourers hearty after the fatigues of the Harvest. I was pleased with the Laird's going out himself and dancing. I danced like King David with all my might. My Affections were divided between Mrs. Merrilees, the Houskeeper and little Peggy B-din, the Chambermaid. I was very merry.

Sunday 3 October.

We were all invited to dine at Mairtoun with Mr. Agnew of Dalreagle. Lord Kames and Mr. Heron went there in the chaise and I stay'd and wrote letters. I had a great aversion to go abroad, being very indolent even to a degree of sluggishness. But as My Father had a great Intimacy in the family when he was in Galloway, I thought it might be taken amiss if I refused their kind invitation; So I walked over and dined there. It is but an uncultivated

cultivated Place, altho' it might by improvement be made agreable enough. The house is pretty good. His Mother is a genteel old Woman much like a Gentlewoman. Lord Kames said he had seen few better. When we came back to Kirroughtree we found the Laird of Barholm, a goodnatured honest man, who laughed much and seemed to be very well pleased. In the evening Miss Turnbull, a cousin of Mr. Heron's, came, a young woman of a bad outside; but I hear that her good dispositions greatly overballance these defects. And now I am come to my last evening at Kirroughtree. Mr. Samuel Johnson says that there are few things of which we can say "this is the last," without regret. How much more must that be the case when we are going to leave what is particularly agreable to us. Such was my Situation this night, when I had the prospect of leaving next day my dear Mrs. Heron of whom were I to express all my feelings, I should certainly fall under the censure of an overheated Imagination. She was very good and sympathised with me with much tenderness, which was extraordinary, as People generaly laugh at distress of that kind. But that is owing to a want of sensibility, of which this sweet creature has a very great share.

Monday 4. October.

On a fine frosty morning, not too cold, we left Kirroughtree.

Mrs. Heron and I had some serious conversation before I parted
with her, not to meet again in all probability for a very long time.

I was somewhat dejected, comparing my present situation of ease
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and distinction with the disagreable state of dependence and anxiety that I have to endure in London before I get my Commission. In such shady views will the gloomy mind place everything. In reality my situation may perhaps be a little disagreable now and then. But upon the whole must give me happiness as I shall have the pleasures of the Metropolis and the prospect of getting into my favourite way of life. Mrs. Heron said some things which affected me a good deal. Mr. Heron set out with us. We din'd at the Gatehouse an inn near Mr. Murray's and went at night to Galstoun, a Place belonging to Heron, and taken by Sir Robert Maxwell, who gave us a downright wellcom. I did very well.

Tuesday 5 October.

Sir Robert invited me kindly to stay awhile with him, and said I should judge if he made me wellcom. We left him after breakfast and got to Drumfries (sic) to dinner. I then went to Collector Gordon's, a lively little man of a constant flow of vivacity and not so much feeling or depth of Sentiment as to render him susceptible of unhappiness, or rather misery; for I am not fond of presuming to coin words. He writes verses sometimes and has an Epistle in Donaldson's collection. He has been acquainted with several good Authors and has some of their works *ex dono*. His wife is a smart, comely, gay girl. In this house I was very easy; sat with my dirty boots, said I wou'd have tea, and was a sort of a familiar cousin. We had here, too, Mrs. Stewart, mother to Mrs. Gordon, a very genteel wellbred woman who posesses

the medium between forwardness and reserve that is seldom attained; there were also a Miss Dalrymple and a Miss Gordon, pretty pleasant Girls who spoke a little and smil'd a good deal. I supt, along with Lord and Lady Kames, in Mrs. Heron's, the Laird's Mother, a very good little woman, where we had a collection of sisters of figures diminutive and evil-favoured, and manners low-bred and offensive, not at all like their Brother. I was stiff here and kept them rather at too great a distance. For when you do not let People of that kind come so near you as at least to lean upon them, you have all your own weight to carry which becomes severe. Lord and Lady Kames agreed to pass some days hereabouts, while I went on to Springkell. I slept at the George where I was very comfortably situated.

Wednesday 6 October.

I breakfasted with Collector Gordon, and after breakfast I went and saw Lord Ellioch whom I engaged to give me the strongest recommendations to the Duke of Queensberry and General Douglas. I engaged Mr. Robert Irvine who happened to be at Dumfries, to go with me to Kilhead. Accordingly we had a bit of dinner and set out. Mr. Irvine is a Writer in Edinburgh and a very good plain man and more genteel than usual. We had a very comfortable afternoon's jaunt, rode slow and talked sollidly. We got to Kilhead about five o'clock. It is a very noble place. The inclosures are very extensive and finely ornamented with strips of planting in the manner of Auchinleck. But, alas, *Materiam superat Opus*; for

by his princely improvements Sir John Douglas has burthened his estate with about $f_{130,000}$. Sir John's Mother and my Mother were half-Sisters, both daughters of Colonel Erskine, from whom, by the by, it is probable that I derive my military genius. When I came to Kilhead I found myself surrounded with Cousins. Sir John a lively man but hurried away by fancifull project. Charles, his Brother, who had been 25 years abroad in the east Indies and has made a Fortune of £20,000, a fine, hearty man of no great reach but much kindness of heart and a good deal of humour. He was very fond to see me, and as he has a house in London and is to be there next winter, he may be very obliging to me. We had also another Brother here, Mr. William, a Roman Catholic, which he has been from his youth. He is a delicate, quiet, religious Creature, and must certainly be happy in another World, where I hope to meet him. He has travelled abroad, so he could entertain me pretty well, and as I listned to his Storys, and as (whatever my own way of thinking may be) I can have politeness enough not to insult that of others, he was very fond of me. We had, too, Mr. Douglas, Son to Sir John, an officer in the Greys, an amiable young fellow whom I hope to see in the circumstances which he deserves. A little after we came, arrived Mrs. Middlemore, niece to Sir John, a pretty agreable young creature, and her husband who has a fortune in Cumberland. He was an officer but came out when his Regiment was ordered abroad, and seems to be an ugly, stupid, well-tempered Gentleman. I past the Evening to my own satisfaction.

Thursday

Thursday 7 October.

I got up before breakfast a good time and was carried by Mr. William to his room which was the sweetest in the house. There he has his Books of devotion, and there does perform his pennances and all the other rites of his severe Religion. He made me just think myself in a monastery abroad. We then went and took a walk. I was surprised to find him very chearfull and realy facetious. At ten Mr. Irvine and I left Kilhead and came to Annan, where we went to a back court which belonged to a Mr. Blair, lately dead, and saw a stone which made formerly a part of an old Castle here. I read plainly upon it Robert de Bruss 1300. I am at a loss to account for the pleasure which many People have in Antiquities and yet I have it in a very strong degree. I am apt to imagine that there is realy an original principle which stamps a value upon every thing that is ancient except an old woman, which is a byword for the reverse, and often indeed very unjustly. We din'd at Bonshaw, where Mr. Irvine lives with his Nephew, who was not at home. It is situated on a Bank and has a pretty river and a good deal of Wood about it. We had here two Maiden Aunts, one of whom was very kind, and the other a sort of a reserved Gentlewoman. We had also two sisters, very genteel girls who played a little on the Spinet, and Miss Jeanie the youngest, who is a tall good-looking Woman, sung well enough. I got for my guide to Springkell, Mr. Currie, the young Laird of Bridekirk, and a writer in Edinburgh, a genteel, obliging young

man

man. We got to Springkell in good time. Sir William Maxwell is a man of a handsom figure and genteel air and carries in his external appearance the character which is much talked about and seldom found, a Gentleman. He has a great deal of good sense, sweetness of Disposition and delicacy of taste. He is perfectly easy and polite and may be stiled in every sense of the word, a pretty man. Miss Maxwell, his sister, is an honest-hearted, merry, jocular girl, of size somewhat corpulent but has a very agreable countenance and can walk and dance with all imaginable cleverness. She plays with taste upon the Guitar, which she chiefly employs in accompanying her voice with a thorough bass. Indeed her singing is so excellent that I should wish to reward her with due praise in this, my Journal, but that I own is difficult to do. This acknowledgment I believe is a tollerable sort of a Compliment. However I will for my own satisfaction say a little more. Her voice is clear, strong and sweet. She has great command of it and sings with uncommon spirit and taste. She obliged us with several Italian airs and English Ballads. She likewise gave us Gallowshiels, I'll never leave thee, O the broom, and some others of the best Scotch Songs in which she exprest more tenderness of feeling than I ever heard. We had here with us, too, Mr. George Henderson, a good honest fellow, cousin to Sir William, and Doctor Garie, a Physician, who has been Tutor to the Knights of this family for two Generations, a man upwards of seventy, nonjurant and Highchurch, but is a quiet peacable creature and never mentions Principles. He lives in the house and seems to be very happy. I was exceedingly

exceedingly high-spirited this night and was very merry and much relished.

Friday 8 October.

Sir William and I walked about the place which, as Lord Chalkstone says, has great Capabilitys. There is a fine walk for near two miles upon the side of a river, and a pretty variety of grounds about his house, which is a very good one. Sir William has a turn for improving and will probably make Springkell much better. He has here a good many old trees, particularly about the old Churchyard of Kirkonnel, which parish is now joined with another. There are here a great many tomb-Stones; as also the family Burial Place, with a little chapel above the Vault. The Place has a pleasing melancholy about it and is admirably suited for calm Meditation. A tradition goes that there lived a pretty Woman of the name of Helen here who had two lovers, one of whom discovered her one day walking with his rival and immediatly levelled his Gun at him, which Helen perceived, ran in between them to save Him, but from the same shot they both received death. The unfortunate lover went abroad to relieve his mind from thought, where he composed a mournfull Ditty-

I wish I were where Helen lies In fair Kirkonnel Ley.

He was afterwards buried in the same grave with them. I am happy to find my journal going on pretty well at present. A while ago, I found myself like a horse whose legs are stock'd, but now by a little exercise I am warmed and have got well and am mov-

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ing with ease and pleasure. Long may it be so! In the afternoon Mr. Goldie came here too. Things went on well.

Saturday of October.

Walking, music, chatting and indolent lolling employed the forenoon. Miss Maxwell told me that Lord and Lady Traquair had a very good opinion of me, and represented their Place and manner of life as so very agreable that I wished much to be there, and, as Miss Maxwell was to visit them in a few weeks, I agreed to meet her there. A much more agreable meeting than the Genius of Brutus with that Hero at Philippi. At night Lord and Lady Kames arrived.

Sunday 10 October.

Sir William and Lord Kames went and surveyed the Place. And I sat in the house and read a little and wrote a little. It gives me some concern that I have no sort of turn for farming, for it is a pity that a Being who will probably posess a part of the earth should not know how to cultivate it. Indeed I have lived so much in a town, and have so high a relish of Society and other amusements, that my Attention has had little chance of being employed upon Ploughs and Harrows. But what I regret more is my want of taste for planting or gardening, which are realy noble and elegant Employments. I flatter myself that I may be able to acquire that taste by attention and Study. I shall have fine opportunities of learning the best methods in and about London. In the after-

noon

noon Miss Maxwell and I had some conversation about the Roman Catholic Religion. Conversations of this kind I am very fond of. For there is something very pleasing to the human mind in thinking upon futurity and upon the various ways of securing happiness to itself in that State, about which indeed numberless conjectures have been formed.

Monday 11 October.

We walked about all the forenoon in that sort of agreable sauntering way, which when the sun shines and the weather is gentle disposes much to serenity and good-humoured dispositions. In the afternoon, arrived from Carlisle, Mr. Benson, a genteel sensible man who has an estate in Cumberland, and is a Steward to the Duke of Portland. Doctor Coltart, an Apothecary, a true-looking Englishman with a round-cut head and leather bretches, a jolly dog who sung us a Song that the Boy sings, who sweeps Drurylane Stage, before the candles are lighted to the tune of ballance a Straw.

"Tho' I sweep to and fro', yet I'd have you to know There are sweepers in high life as well as in low."

Miss Yates, a Clergyman's Daughter in Yorkshire, a good humoured girl, sensible and well-looking enough, And Miss Kitty Gilpin, daughter to a Captain Gilpin, a fine lively creature, not pretty but of an agreable countenance. I soon made myself acquainted with her, and in a few minutes had her repeating Ossian's address to the Sun, which she did with much propriety

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and grace. After supper she sung us several songs, and among the rest, a little smart Ballad of her own Composition, which I got a copy of. I was in great spirits. Finding myself well taken I gave great scope and sung an infinite number of Songs, particularly from the *Jovial Crew* which met with uncommon Applause. After I was in bed, My friend Doctor Coltart pay'd me a visit with his candle in his hand, took leave of me as he and Benson were to set off early, and hoped we shou'd sweep at Carlisle.

Tuesday 12 October.

Sir William entertained me with the character of a Genius, a Mr. Stockdale who was a fellow Student of his at St. Andrews. He was very lively and had a pretty poetical turn. He was exceedingly wild and had an intrigue with the wife of an old Captain upon whom he wrote the following Epitaph.

Epitaph on Captain

Here, far from slaughter and the din of arms, From brandy's comfort and Clarinda's charms, By heav'n's high will and fate's allmighty doom A Son of thunder slumbers in his tomb.

O mother earth, revenge the marriage vows, Revenge the province of a slighted Spouse, Press this inglorious wretch depriv'd of life, For, when alive, he ne'er could press his wife.

He afterwards went into the Army where he continued for sometime, but tiring of it, and having allways had an enthusiastic

turn,

turn, he lay'd aside the sword, and is now a Methodist Clergyman in England. What a curious creature is Man! how changeable is he! how inconsistent! Where is the resemblance between Stockdale the Buck, drinking, whoring and giving a loose to whim, and Stockdale the Parson, in his gown and cassoc, showing an example of Sobriety and austere virtue and preaching with vehement warmth against the horrid nature of Sin and Iniquity? Is there any identity of Person here? Yes, there is. They are in reality the same Person. The same vivacity which formerly hurried him into Vice, now renders him superlatively religious. He has got a disgust at the former, and, his eyes being opened, he is violently enamoured of the latter. We walked for an hour or two very pleasantly. After dinner we sung as before; and in the evening, we had a dance. I discovered that Miss Gilpin was an excellent mimic. So I made a fair exchange with her, and gave her Logan and Lord Dundonald and Sir George Preston and Lord Drumfries (sic), for as many of her acquaintances. I contrived to make our personages talk together which was a most ludicrous scene. She learn't me a method of quarrelling to Prince Eugene's March, by alternately singing Bars and half bars of it and varying our tones and countenances till we gradualy rose to the highest pitch of rage. This had a most wonderfull effect upon the company, who were quite distrest with laughing. We likewise took off the Italian Opera and altho' we neither knew a word of the language nor a single tune, we thrilled away the most pathetic expression, set to the tenderest Music which we succeeded in to a degree

degree that was surprising. While we sat at table we agreed to humbug the Company and accordingly I whispered something to her with great earnestness, at which she seemed to be much shocked, started from me and said, "I don't understand, Sir—such usage, Sir, and I am sure you must mean to affront me—" This and two three more little exclamations of the same kind delivered with the proper Emphasis, joined with the disconcerted sheepiness of look, which I nicely affected, fairly took in the whole Company, who were realy concerned, and could scarcely be perswaded that we were in joke. She is likewise a girl of great good-nature, and is never severe and is quite free from the conceit and forwardness that is often to be met with in a Girl of wit and cleverness in a Country-town. She has likewise a simplicity of manners that pleased me much and convinced me of her being perfectly innocent. I promised to send her some little pieces of entertainment from London, and she promised me what she cou'd send from Carlisle.

Wednesday 13 October.

Fortune seemed to declare that buying Horses was not my talent or at least should not be so, for my poor six-pounder had received a good many kicks from another horse that had been loose in the stable, so that she was lame and could not travel. I was therefore obliged to leave her at Springkell till she shou'd recover and either be sold or sent to me. I bought from Miss Maxwell, a strong grey horse fit for a plough or a Journey, for which I gave £10, and thus

was necessitated to venture still farther in the horse trade. We left Springkell at 11 o'clock. Sir William and My Lord rode and I went in the chaise with My Lady to Langtown, where we dined and Sir William left us. In the afternoon we went to Brampton, a very good little village prettily situated. I was happy to find myself in Old England for which I have a great affection. And in a town too, where Mankind are to be seen more spirited than in the country. And here it may not be amiss to give the reason of our being in this part of the country. It seems the road thro' England to Berwick-shire is much better and takes us but a day longer to travel than the road by Edinburgh would have done. Therefore when we considered the Question impartialy we determined to take this as the best. I thought proper to mention this; by way of rendering my Journal more perspicuous, and by way of rendering it more entertaining, as Mankind are very fond to know cause as well as effect upon most occasions, and will study very hard on that account. When we entered the Village, we were met by a crowd huzzaing a Man who was beating a drum for a Puppet-show and had, moreover, another man with him who carried, high elevated on a lofty pole, a hat and four halfpenny Cakes. This last circumstance puzled me a good deal; but I learnt that as many Boys were to eat the loaves and he who was first done eating was to have the hat. We had here an excellent inn— I was happy and chearfull; and I resolved to see the Show which raised my curiosity, as I had never seen Punch which indeed is unaccountable. Accordingly at seven I went to the town's hall where

where the exhibition was to be, full of vivacity and that kind of feeling which we carry to the Theatre when we expect to see a diverting play. The room was pretty well filled with a very curious Collection of human beings. An impudent dog sat by me who wanted much to cultivate an acquaintance with me; but I repudiated him. Next to him sat a jolly gentleman in black whose name was dean. As I had my bath great-coat with a gold binding, my gold-lac'd hat smartly set upon my head, and twirled my cane switch with a good deal of gentility, I looked exceedingly like an officer of the Army. Mr. Dean therefore showed me respect; "Come Captain, take a snuff"—which I received with a hearty nod, and a "thank you, Mr. Dean." We bought Apples, and carried about in our hats to the company with inimitable civility and address, and so were very principal People. The Showman then attracted our notice. His scenes were painted on the wings with figures too strange to be described and on the middle division was painted an English officer of a royal Regiment on a bay horse, a figure of dignity and even terror. The stage was illuminated with a few small candle stuck into white-iron chandeliers, with unlighted ones ballanced accross their rims, waiting like recruits to be formed into the Corps. By way of Preludio, a Dulcimer was laid upon a drum and, the Showman being seated upon a Barrel, Ballance a Straw was immediatly struck up, which gave great satisfaction. He next touched the tunefull fiddle with equal success, and at last had recourse to the spirit-stirring Drum, which he rattled away to great admiration. When he had satisfied himself

of this, he proceeded to the contention for the Prize. The Boys had their hands tied behind their backs, and being placed upon their knees and the Cakes laid upon the ground, the signal was given. Never have I seen a more ludicrous sight. Their eagerness made them often stoop quickly and then their noses rap'd against the floor, while they had no way of defending against it. The Audience were all in a tumult, and that unlimited vent of feeling which is peculiar to the common people of England had it's full course. At last silence was imposed by the wave of a stick in the hand of the showman's wife, who delivered the hat to the victorious Boy, who I am sure felt as much satisfaction as he could hold. The Showman came near me, so I thought proper to shave him a little. "This sir," says I (with a most important countenance) "was very entertaining." "Ay sir," say'd he, "I allways give some such thing as this for the encouragement of the Place that I am in." This I very gravely acquiesced in. Little did I think when I entered this scene of rude Amusement that the gentle Goddess of love was laying snares for me. However that was the case; on the bench behind me sat a young Lady in a red cloak and black hat very like, but younger and handsomer, than Lady Dunmore. I instantly addrest myself to her in the most engaging manner that I could, and found her tender enough, and during the hubub, I obtained from her the sweetest kiss that virgin ever gave. She told me that she was Maid to an Inkeeper in the town, and that she could not have an opportunity of seeing me. However she agreed that she wou'd go to London with me, if I would take her. Dear little creature!

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creature! How fond was I of her. Punch and the other Puppets next appeared, who diverted me much but my girl went to another seat, and when I follow'd her was excessively prudish. Whether she observed some acquaintance that she stood in awe of, or for what other reason I cou'd not imagine, but while my mind was occupied with mingled concern and merriment, I was sent for by my fellow travellers to supper and was obliged to leave my charmer. This adventure tho', pleased me at the time and does well for my Journal. At supper I fell much in love with the chambermaid who served us who was a handsom Girl, with an insinuating wantoness of look. I made her light me to my room and when I had her there, she indulged me in many endearments, but would by no means consent to the main Object of my ardent desires and seemed affraid of the People in the house hearing us make noise. So I was obliged to sleep by myself. However, I discovered that sleep has prevented me from felicity, for Lord Kames's servant jok'd me next morning and told me seriously that he saw her go into my room and shut the door after I was gone to bed. This was going pretty far, but I suppose she had not assurance enough to wake me.

Thursday 14 October.

We breakfasted at Glenwhelt, a very handsom Inn. This forenoon My Lord and I walked about four miles and had a great deal of conversation. He told me that my greatest disadvantage was a too great avidity of Pleasure, by which he understood eleva-

tion of spirits and high relish of Company, which rendered me idle and made me unhappy in a calm situation. Just as a man who is accustomed to fine seasoned dishes, has no taste of plain and wholesom food. He said Mr. Hamilton of Bangour, who was exceedingly lively and had the finest taste, was ruined on that very account; that he once made an attempt to cure him of it; he carried him out to Kames, and for a day or two did every thing to amuse him. After he had been there some days My Lord told him, "Mr. Hamilton I am obliged to be busy, you must excuse me. But there are Books for you." My Lord kept an eye upon him and saw him lift book after book in a listless way, and seem very wearied and very miserable, as he could fall upon no pretence to get away. He allowed him to suffer in this way for a week when he began to look into Davila's History of france, read one Page the first day and two the second, till at last he became as diligent, as eager and as happy a Student as his Lordship. He kept him in this way for sometime and thought he had got him established in a good habit; but whenever he returned to Edinburgh he fell back to his former state which jaded him so much that his spirits were quite exhausted and in the latter part of his life he was good for nothing till enlivened by a Bottle. "Now," said he, "Boswell, take care of splitting upon the same rock. You are going to London. You are very agreable; your company will be much sought after. Be upon your guard in time. Be your own Master. Keep the reins in your own hand. Resolve to be able to live at times by yourself." In reality it is a matter of infinite consequence to be able to sup-

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port retirement with satisfaction. I am resolved to be in earnest to attain this, while in London. I shall see how my resolution is performed. We talked upon Books and the inclination which many People, especialy when young, have to be Authors; which to be sure is an agreable wish, and if one succeeds must be very pleasing. It is making another self, which can be present in many places, and is not subject to the inconstancies of Passion which the man himself is. I told him that I should like much to be distinguished in that way, that I was sure that I had genius, and was not deficient in easiness of expression; but was at a loss for something to say, and, when I set myself seriously to think of writing, that I wanted a Subject. He said that he thought me well calculated for writing lively periodical papers and insisted that I should begin at Kames to do something in that way, and said he should asist me and put me upon a method of improving. He told me that he had once a scheme for the Publication of a Work of that kind at Edinburgh, but found a want of witty and humourous writers, which he said Captain Erskine and I would sufficiently make up. He said he had composed about a couple of dozen of Essays which he intended for that purpose, and he promised to exchange with me. I wish I may be able to do some good in this way. We dined at Chollingfoord, where there was a numerous meeting of the Gentlemen of Northumberland; well-drest people, plump and vivacious. We went at night to Cambo, a village very small and very poor. The Inn was indeed exceedingly bad. When we entered we first beheld a Company

Company in the Parlour mortaly drunk. We were shown into the only other room, which was raw and confused. The Landlady was a Shrew and the Maids were slovenly and dirty. Everything was worse than the worst Inn in Scotland. I now felt the disadvantage of too much delicacy of taste. I was shocked and realy put out of humour and exprest my uneasiness and rage very strongly. Lady Kames grumbled a little, but My Lord said not a word. He thought it below a Philosopher to be affected by such trivial Inconveniences. But I imputed his silence to the excess of his anguish and declared that he put me in mind of the Picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, in which the Father's countenance is concealed, as beyond the power of the Painter to give an idea of his grief on so mournfull an occasion. I felt much for our Landlord, who was a decent discreet man much resembling Mr. Love, and seemed anxious to have things right for us. I had a bed in the Parlour which I had a great aversion at; I kept on all my cloaths except my Coat and Boots and made the best of it.

Friday 15 October.

I got up stupid and discontented enough. I was reduced to that ebb of Understanding as to produce the following compositions which I wrote with a diamond pen upon a window:

David Hume, the Historian, on Christmas did eat A rabbit alive as it stood on it's feet.

T. Smollet M.D.

Howt

Howt owt Tobie Smallet maun ye lauch at me Tho' ye in your garret be liken to dee.

D. Hume

Gentlemen, I am no Poet but I laugh at you both.

H. Home

Alas! alas! am I reduced to this state! We dined at Rothbury, a tollerable village situated in a hollow surrounded with wild mountains, and went at night to Whittingham, where we had a charming Inn which seemed doubly agreable by being contrasted with our last night's quarters. I was satisfied and pleased and disposed to do every thing that was good. I am realy astonished to find myself so mechanical. External conveniences and elegance render me not only happy but benevolent. There was a dance of common labourers in the house, who were as jolly as mortals could be, drank and joked and laugh'd, and shook the floor with a vigorous northumbrian thump to a very good fiddle.

Saturday 16 October.

We dined at Millfield a very poor Inn, where we got little or nothing. But I don't mind bad entertainment in the day, provided I am comfortable at night. We got to Kames about five o'clock, where we found Mr. Drummond of Blair, Brother to My Lady, a Gentleman who is reckoned very proud and has been nicknamed the Prince of Blair. He has indeed a little haughtiness which renders him not very agreable at first sight. So much for

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the shade of his character. He is at the same time a man of sense. very honest and very friendly when he has an attachment. He has done several generous things. He loves company and has humour, tho' it is sometimes a little dry. Lord Kames is a man of uncommon Genius, great Application and extensive knowledge of which his various works are a standing proof. It is indeed astonishing to find a man so much master of Law, Philosophy and the Belles Lettres, and posest of so great Insight into human Nature and, at the same time, a good companion, chearfull and lively. Altho' he is now and then a little whimsical, and impatient of contradiction, he is honest, friendly and public-spirited, and is upon the whole a great character. Lady Kames was very handsom and still has a very good presence. She is a woman of good understanding and very well bred. Regulates her family with accuracy, and has in her house and at her table a remarkable degree of elegance. She has a great fund of humour, and a peculiar turn of strong and brilliant propriety of Expression. She has now and then a little lowness of spirits, which renders her more apt to be disturbed and offended than one could wish, and makes her say pretty severe things. But take her all in all, she is an excellent Woman. I greatly admire the manner in which Lord and Lady Kames live. Seldom have I seen a stronger picture of conjugal felicity. I have observed with pleasure the mutual confidence and Affection which subsists between them, after having lived together upwards of twenty years. Could I see many more such instances I should have a higher idea of Marriage. We were very hearty this night,

night, and I rejoyced much at finding myself lodged in a sweet handsom Bed-room.

Sunday 17 October.

What shall I say for myself for not going to Church? Public worship is surely decent and is at least a duty that a Man should perform as a good Subject, abstracting from Religion altogether. But I will not give up Religion. I adore with humility and gratitude the Lord of the Universe. I have strong feelings of devotion at times. They are now clouded with other Passions; I hope they shall be stronger and clearer sometime hence. Why then do I absent myself from Public Worship? Because I am not a Presbyterian, and do not find myself benefited by extempore prayers. I wish there may not be another cause stronger than this; which is Indolence. I shall judge when I am in London. We walked and chatted all the day. At night arrived Mr. Ralph Carre, an uncle of My Lady's, who has been upwards of twenty years an Attorney in London, a round man with a Bob wig, and his coat buttoned, of manners plain and somewhat vulgar. I am told he is a very worthy man and very active in Business. He is also called sensible, but I thought he spoke too much and too minutely, took too much snuff and raised too often a kind of an alehouse laugh.

Monday 18 October.

Early in the morning I went to Marchmont House in order to be there while Bruce Campbell was in the Country. It is a noble house and the Place is very well. Lord Marchmont is a man of

fire,

fire, and good Elocution, by which he was distinguished as a Commoner, and by having more knowledge and application to business than is commonly found amongst the nobility, he is now of consequence in the house of Lords. He is a true Politician so that the qualities of the heart must be dispensed with. He is artfull and false: he is insolent and a coward. This last division of his character I gathered from Lord Kames. But as they are inveterate ennemies, it is possibly too deeply coloured. He behaved to me with much affability of address. After breakfast we rode round some of his fields. As he was a particular friend of Mr. Pope's, I was glad to gather any little anecdotes from him. He told me that Pope read very ill, had a strange tone and a disagreable manner. That he used to read his verses to his friends, and ask them, "Will this do?" "Yes." "But would it not be better so, or so, or so?" and would give eight or ten different ways of it which, to be sure, was a proof of infinite genius, and perfect command of language. He used to ask them in what sense they understood him, and used to point out the true meaning. He told me that Pope came to him one morning. "Well, My Lord, will you allow me to put you into my verses?" Lord. "I dont know indeed Squire, you must let me see first what you say; for you have a curious knack of turning things which way you please." "Pray, My Lord," said I, "Was it this line?

'There the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul.'"

"No no, Sir," said he, and repeated with very great energy—

"..... and Polwart is a Slave."

I have

I have forgot the first part of the line; it comes in amongst a groupe of contradictory assertions. I have a pleasure in hearing every story, tho' never so little, of so distinguished a Man. I remember Smith took notice of this pleasure in his lectures upon Rhetoric, and said that he felt it when he read that Milton never wore buckles but strings in his shoes. This he either read or was told. Lady Marchmont is a sweet-looking agreable Woman. She was a Citizen's Daughter and brought him money. Lady Margaret his daughter is very ugly but clever and snappish. We had more figures here, but I do not think it necessary to mention every body, as it would lead me to draw their characters, which would be bestowing too much pains upon many People; tho' indeed it is a good exercise. I think it may not be amiss to put down Bruce Campbell. He is a rough, blunt, resolute young fellow with much common sense, and is very obliging to his friends. I was very dull this day. I despised myself. I was silent and made no kind of show. I determined to be back that night at Kames so took leave of My Lord, who asked me to stay longer, hoped to see me in London, and seemed disposed to be well with me.

Tuesday 19 October.

Mr. Drummond and Mr. Ker left us. The day turned bad. I was still out of spirits. I walked up and down the room, I took up my german flute, played a little, was not pleased, laid it down again, tried to read, but had no attention, nor any relish for it.

Attempted

Attempted to write but could do nothing. Was glad when night came and I got to bed.

Wednesday 20 October.

This was the day on which the Hunters Purse was to be run for at Kelso, six miles from Kames. I continued dull, was lazy and had an aversion to go, altho' I had a curiosity to see the sport and the company. At last a very prevailing motive occurred, which was the want of money, and as I had a delicacy in asking it of Lord Kames, I resolved to go in search of gold. When I came upon the turf, I felt a little vivacity at the sight of the equipages and horses, but that soon went off, and I rode up and down without any feeling, laughing at mankind for engaging in such ridiculous pursuits and despising the whole species; a most disagreable situation of mind. I lost sixpence at a bett which was all that I had and thus I had not a single farthing. I applied to Lord Kelly, who, as Brother to Captain Erskine, and as he was allways fond of me, made my application the easier. With all imaginable gayety I asked his Lordship to let me have five guineas which he did most politely. I felt a strong regard for him and was pleased at the romantic conceit of getting it from a Gamester, a Nobleman and a musical Composer. The Horses were unequaly matched, so that the race did not afford much diversion. I was much delighted with the Prospect of Kelso and it's environs, which are indeed fine. I dined at Broomlands about a mile from Kelso with Mr. Ramsay, who is chamberlain to the Duke of Roxburgh.

Roxburgh. He was a travelling Governour, and has been abroad a good deal and yet has a disagreable roughness of behaviour. He is a good scholar and an accurate man of business and is very much disposed to oblige. His wife is a lowbred chattering Woman, and his sons blackguard dogs, so that I wearied much notwithstanding of his kindness. I came back to Kames at night, but as it was <? word omitted> and dark and the road very bad, I got cold, and was out of order. I found there Mr. Hume of Ninewells, brother to David Hume; a sensible good man, who reads more than usual. He has an anxiety of temper which hurts him. Very different from his Brother.

Thursday 21 October.

Ninewells left us. Mr. Ramsay and one of his sons came to dinner. I was low-spirited to a terrible degree. I had nothing to say. I liked nothing and I was weary of life. In the evening Mr. Ramsay read to My Lord some dissertations upon natural Philosophy. I hated them.

Friday 22 October.

My Boy was now wanted by his Master, so I sent him home upon my brown mare. His name is Walter Urie, a young well-look'd lad, a little simple but very honest, sober and carefull. I told him that he had been a very good servant, and gave him half a guinea, which made him happy. I was sorry to let him go, and, in the humour I then was in, imagined that all my things would

would be neglected and go to confusion, unless I took a charge of them myself, which I could no more think of than of going to the Galleys. I was agreably disapointed in finding myself quite easy by the asistance of James Mckenzie, My Lord's servant, a highlander who had taken a great attachment to me, and whom I found to be greatly preferable to Walter. James is a more experienced servant and has more assurance than the other, which I like, as I cannot help pitying a sheepish fellow. James had every thing neat and clever for me, and run about with complacent agility to serve me. Ramsay wanted me much to go back to Kelso and said there was a hue and a cry after me. As I had not a decent suit of cloaths, and was still dispirited, I would not go. I was happy however that I was mist, and had certain satisfaction in having been seen upon the turf like a vision for a day, kept my own secret of not staying, and been enquired after with much surprise by the Company. Ramsay and his son left us, and we had some neighbours at dinner who went away. In the afternoon, I was very unhappy. I thought Lord Kames so. I thought every body so. I despised learning, taste and every thing else especialy myself. I got a large packet of letters. I read them without pleasure. I thought my friends did not mind me, yet, what is very odd, I regarded my friends as much as usual, and was as anxious to do them service, altho' if I had been asked if it was of importance to be well or ill in the world, I should have gravely declared that I thought there was no matter how such wretched beings as we were placed. I had no prospect of ever being well. I was weary of my present state, and wanted to fly somewhere else, yet had no expectation of relief. Good heaven! how comes this about? What can thus distemper the mind, and render it useless and fretfull? I would hope that in another state of being all will be serenity, peace and joy. I trust that my hopes will not prove vain.

Saturday 23 October.

The splenetic fiend still continued to haunt me. I had some altercation with Lady Kames. She was somewhat sowr. I imagined her more so, and thought she behaved to me as to one who was hanging on about the house. I had nothing to entertain My Lord with. I thought he was tired of me, and I was tired of being here; and vexed to find that the high opinion which we entertain of distinguished People flies off upon being much with them. This is perhaps my fault and occasioned by my excessive love of novelty. Indeed people of spirit cannot long bear uniformity or rather sameness. There is a noted story of King James the second when Duke of York, that he carried aboard his Ship with him some of the brightest Wits about court, and as they were closs together for a good time, they grew weary and sick of each other; and after they got ashore they hated to see one another's faces till time wore out the disagreable Impressions of their Voyage. I remember I was once talking to John Home upon this Subject, and quoted Thomson's line about the happiness of being-

"Down in the vale with a choice few retir'd"

"Indeed,"

"Indeed," said Home, "they would soon weary, and be glad to get up to the hill with all expedition." In reality I am convinced that I cannot live without changes, and I believe London charms me most on account of it's infinite variety which keeps the mind lively and gay. Upon reflection, I must depart in some degree from Lord Kames's doctrine about accustoming myself to tranquillity. For I have a flow of Imagination that must not be altogether restrained, and spirits that must be fed with Amusement, otherwise they will prey upon myself. I have no fondness for riot or extravagant pleasure, and when I am in London I think I may enjoy the bliss of Variety without being debauched. While my spirits are happily employed with entertaining objects, and the fancy delighted with pleasing pictures, the seat of Reflection may be composed and serene. Indeed a Philosopher must relish doubly what he finds agreable. I shall never forget the opinion of Mr. Digges upon this subject. On a beautifull summer evening we were taking a sober walk at the back of the Cannongate, now and then looking to Arthurseat, and Salisbury craigs, and musing and uttering our sentiments with ease and with gentleness. I asked him whom he thought the happy man. "Sir," said he, "the man of Speculation, who enjoys elegant pleasure of every kind in moderation, and thinks on what is arround him." In short his idea was the Philosophy of Epicurus, in whose garden I maintain there was much genuine felicity. This is a favourite subject and has led me away from recounting my hours of gloom and discontent. I this day resolved

solved to leave Kames early in the week after. At night I grew all of a sudden lightsom and well. I thought I might be pretty happy in life. I liked the letters which I got the night before. I chatted easily and I sat down and wrote a little paper with life and humour that pleased Lord Kames.

Sunday 24 October.

My Lord and I talked of the character of George Buchanan who was certainly a pedantic Man, and full of prejudices. This led us to talk of his Abilities as a Poet, which My Lord affirmed were but small. I had been reading a day or two before, some letters written by Mr. Melmoth, (the translater of Pliny) which he published under the title of Fitzosborn's letters. In one of these he takes occasion to examine the merit of modern latin Poetry, which he says can never be good because in writing in a dead language a man must not only be sure that every single word which he uses is authorised by the best writers, but must not venture to throw them out of the particular combination in which he finds them connected; otherwise he may run into the most barbarous solecisms. This is the reason that Mr. Melmoth assigns for the low opinion that he entertains of such compositions. Lord Kames proved him to be entirely in the wrong. For if a man cannot use any combination of words in a dead language, but what he has had a good Example for; neither ought he to do it in a living language. The same objection may be equaly made to both. But it is ill-founded; for we may in every language

language assemble words together without Authority provided that we understand the spirit and the idiom of it to perfection. In that case, these assemblages tho' new, will be immediately perceived to have propriety, and to be perfectly agreable to the general tenor of Expression; and will have an additional value from their novelty. If this were not the case, His Lordship justly observed that a language could never be enriched. Now the true reason why We do not write well in Latin, is because we do not understand it so well as is necessary, to give us ease and fluency in it. Hence it is that the most part of modern latin poems are just composed of scraps from the classical authors, and are a Patchwork of phrases out of Virgil, Horace, Ovid and the other Bards of Rome. Mr. Addison was much celebrated for his performances in that way, which when examined will be found to be mere Centos, as he was affraid to venture an originality of phrase. Indeed it is extremely difficult to acquire the command of a dead language as it is formed to express customs and ways of thinking that must be strange to us. "Buchanan (said My Lord) by a long course of severe Application, made great progress in the knowledge of the Latin tongue; but he was a heavy man and had not genius enough to throw out that knowledge with the vivacity and ease that Poetry demands." I am much of his Lordship's way of thinking; altho' I think that Buchanan now and then is lively enough. He was undoubtedly a man of some humour of which so many jocular stories being laid in his name is a very strong Proof. Indeed his repartees are generaly

eraly pretty low. But he was encouraged in this by a Prince who delighted in quibbles and Puns and every species of conceit. I have got into an excellent method of taking down conversations, and thus am able to furnish out a tollerable day, on which, being confined to the house, I must necessarily have a barreness of incident. I have been just now much obliged to the Pædagogue of King James the Sixth, for without him, how could so much paper have been filled up? I could not again make a decent Apology for not being at Church. My last of this day se'night may suffice for all. Before dinner Mr. Drummond returned and brought with him Mr. Mckenzie of Balmaduthie, Advocate. He is a young Gentleman of Inverness-shire, very genteel and well bred and obliging. The day was changeable; but mostly wet, and my mind was changeable, but mostly dull. At night I got into a dispute about the value of old families and highland Clanships, which warmed me much, made my blood circulate briskly and my spirits rise to an animated pitch. I must own that Veneration and regard for my Ancestors, with a desire to continue their race, is A Principle, or a feeling, call it which you will, that I posess in a very strong degree, and which I retain at all times, whatever variation of sentiment I may have about other matters. Even in my most dispirited moments it remains. It is rooted in my heart; it is a part of myself. The Company talked of such notions being exploded, which made me keener. They were talking of Lady Mary Douglas. A sudden scheme gleamed upon me of marrying this Lady whom,

by the by, I never have seen. She is daughter to the Earl of Morton, is about five and twenty, well-look'd, sensible and polite, with a fortune of £,15,000. I considered that by marrying her, I should gain an acquisition to the family of Auchinleck, that I should have opulence and respect, and that my children should have some of the blood of the Douglasses. I resolved to be upon honour to behave well to her, and whenever I found myself distempered, to leave her till my mind recovered it's chearfull tone. I saw in fancy my children by her, spirited and distinguished in the World. In this agreable reverie did I indulge my wild Imagination, and rejoyced to find myself eager in any scheme that could be executed in this World of jest. I am of opinion just now that this would be a very fine Plan for me. But in the mean time let me prosecute my favourite way of life, the Guards. Lady Mary is to be in London with her Father in Winter. I may then have an eye upon her. Indeed a variety of schemes may start up that I have now no idea of.

Monday 25 October.

This was one of the wettest days that I ever saw. Balmaduthie went off after breakfast. I went and looked at My Lord's library which is a pretty good one. Shifted from Book to book, read title-pages and look'd at Indexes in that indolent way that a man does who wants to kill a little time. I could not help speculating on the multiplicity of Authors, which would make a good subject for a Paper. In the afternoon, Sir William Maxwell came.

I was

I was bad; but at night I grew quite well; was exceedingly facetious and inwardly happy. Yet I resolved to set off next morning for Edinburgh. That was my resolution when cloudy, and I thought best to continue in it when I became clear. What I before intended to free me from Misery, I now intended to prevent it, which is the best method. Just as a dentist advises his patient to wait till the pain is abated and then have the tooth drawn. Indeed I wanted much to be at Kelly, to have a cordial Interview with my friend Erskine, before I went for London. I also inclined to pay some visits in Mid Lothian.

Tuesday 26 October.

Before I quit Kames, I would give a little sketch of the Place. The House is old and not very good; but the most is made of every bit of space in it, and the rooms are neatly fitted up. There is a pretty lawn before the house with trees scattered up and down. There is a groupe of good inclosures. A handsom Garden and before the house a long gravel walk and banks ornamented with flowers and evergreens. This morning was wet and windy, and I had a great reluctance at stirring out. However as I never like to be dissapointed in a scheme, and as I felt a great aversion at staying, I determined bravely to stand the shocks of the weather, tho' never so rough. I told My Lord that I was going; who seemed displeased somewhat and asked me if I was tired allready? I told him not so much so, as that I wanted to be elsewhere. In short it was an embarrassing situation,

tion, and I did not speak to him cleverly. Let us be never so easy together, it is difficult to let a man know that you are wearied of his company. I did not stay breakfast, so did not see My Lady. I rode fourteen long computed miles thro' a wild country and deep roads. (Indeed the roads in the Merse are the worst that I ever saw; You just labour thro' a deep stiff clay, much more terrible than in Ayrshire,) and when I came to Ginglekirk, the Public-House was only building, and two wooden tents, one for a kitchen, another for a dining-room, were the only places of entertainment. This was very uncomfortable. However I staid here an hour. I had then thirteen more of the long miles to Edinburgh. I got a Boy going in upon an errand who was company to me in some measure. We stopt at Foordbridge and corned our horses, and I treated him with small Beer. The Prospect of the firth of forth, the lomond hills, Arthur-seat and the ancient City of Edina pleased me exceedingly. I wondered at the time how any external objects could make such an impression upon me. I got in about seven to Ferrier's at Bristow Port where I put up my horse and bespoke a bed for myself. I went immediatly and called upon Mrs. Love who is a smart, clever, good-humoured creature and a very lively Actress. She was very glad to see me, and little Billy, her son, was quite overjoyed. He is a Boy of much genius and will probably be a man of distinction. I drank tea and read Mr. Love's letters to her, which were full of expressions of his great success at Drury-lane. To hear all the agreable particulars of his reception gave me much pleasure, and the letters called up to my mind all the gay enlivening ideas of London which I formerly had. My Speculative Indifference vanished quite. I felt myself spirited and active and wished to be in the midst of the jovial crowd. I was in raptures to think of being an officer of the Guards, and I doubted not to make a good figure there, and be distinguished as a good Officer and a Gentleman of wit and spirit. I asked her to let me have a bed in her house, which after seeking about for, we found pack'd up in a Hogshead for going to London, as she was to set out in a week or two. The incident was humourous enough and might make a good comic tale. I went to Doctor Boswell's and supt. He is a worthy affectionate man, a good Physician, an agreable Companion and a great Virtuoso. Here I heard that my poor Brother John was ill at Plymouth, which realy hurt me a good deal. However I hoped the best. When I went to Ferrier's I had a good comfortable room, and made myself very easy and very much at home. I had a chairman to attend me by way of a Servant.

Wednesday 27 October.

I breakfasted at Thom's and sent for C— with whom I past the forenoon concerting plans for my London journey and my method of living when there. He is a Man of great natural quickness and universal knowledge, particularly of all the little arts of life. He is shrewd, penetrating and disposed to recommend himself by being serviceable. He is excellently formed for active life, and his manner of talking upon that subject gave me spirit. At one o'clock, I went and heard Doctor Cullen's first lecture at the opening of his class for the Winter. He mentioned Study in general and insisted on a right method as of the utmost consequence. He laid down the Plan he was to pursue, directed what books the Students should read; told them he intended to advance some conjectures of his own, but beg'd that they would "catch the openings of Philosophy with diffidence, and pursue them with caution." I liked him much, and I was highly amused to see a numerous Audience of young Physicians eager to receive instruction and full of the importance of their own Profession. I dined at Mr. Webster's and was very hearty. He is a man of great talents—little literature but great Application to Business. He is vivacious and loves Society and is very jolly and merry over a Bottle. Mrs. Webster is a woman of great humour, luxuriant and wild, so that she will give a loose to every sally of Imagination; she has joined with this a mixture of Presbyterian cant and vulgarity that renders her quite a Caricatura. I drank tea with the great Mr. Donaldson, a man of uncommon activity and enterprise in Business, who has a smattering of humour and a tollerable Address. He is very obliging and entertains like a Prince. I then went and sat a while at Mrs. Love's. I had my grey horse in the Market this afternoon; but could not get him sold, which vexed me a little. I supt at Mr. Goldie's where was C—.

Thursday 28 October.

I breakfasted at Mr. George Frazer's, a most ingenious agreable man. At eleven Captain John Webster and I rode out to Arniston, the seat of Lord President, where we din'd. I am now weary of the custom of drawing characters wherever I go; and therefore from this time that must not be expected in this, my Journal. I shall just take down one now and then when I chuse it, and some times give only a stroke or two. We were but dull at Arniston. There was a large company there and things went on stiffly. At night we went to Mr. Mitchelson's of Middleton, on whose daughter Mr. Hepburn is married. I had never been to wait upon the young folks till now. I was in good rough spirits; much attention was pay'd to me, and I talked much. Yet I was somewhat hurt to see a young fellow of twenty, posest of twelve hundred a year, tied down to a woman elder than himself, not pretty and low bred.

Friday 29 October.

After breakfast Webster and I came briskly in to town. I sauntered about to several places till three, then went to Mrs. Boswell's of Balmuto, where I had Bread and Butter and cheese and an Apple and a glass of wine. These extemporaneous repasts are to me the most agreable of any. I went to Mrs. Love's after drinking tea at Mrs. Webster's. I sat an hour or two, wrote letters and then supt on a cold Apple-Pye.

Saturday

Saturday 30 October.

I got a man to take my horse west, and at 8 o'clock I went in the Stage-coach to Leith where I breakfasted with Mr. Commissioner Cochrane, a Man of great common sense and Prudence. I put my Clockbag aboard an Anstruther Boat and myself aboard a Kinghorn one. The day was very calm so that we had a tedious passage of about three hours. There was in the Boat with me a Mr. Kettle, a writer in Edinburgh, a little stirring man who makes a neat livelehood by his business, loves a chat with a companion, a dish of tea with his female acquaintances, the news, the coffeehouse and now and then the Public diversions. He is good-tempered and was not displeased at my merrily asking him if his name was spelt just like other Kettles. I made this man exceedingly subservient to me. I had seen him before. We went to the Inn together and he ordered a bit of dinner and got a horse for me. Upon a lean, white hack did I now mount to ride fourteen long Scotch miles, somewhat bad, and the Evening somewhat cold. During this dreary Journey I had time to indulge some serious reflections with which I shall now adorn this, my journal. I considered that that portion of our existence which is spent in riding upon white hacks is a most miserable portion. I considered that all endowments either of body or mind avail us nothing when mounted upon white hacks. I considered that Sir Isaac Newton would not have given the world so many learned works, had he allways been mounted upon such a white hack;

and

and I considered that Charles the 12 of Sweden would have been as poor a Being as a Cowgate Shoemaker had he been mounted upon such a white hack. I began in earnest to be a little dull and to hold myself cheap. However I was amused by considering what a change would quickly ensue when I got to Kelly. Accordingly when I arrived I was received with roars of applause and kindness and exultation. Captain Erskine is a tall black man with a great sagaciousness of countenance. He has an aukward bashfullness amongst Strangers, but with his friends is easy and excellent Company. He has a richness of Imagination, a wildness of fancy, a strength of feeling, and a fluency of expression which render him a very fine Poet. He has a great deal of humour and simplicity of manners. He has a turn for Speculation and has none of the common notions of mankind. Lady Betty is a Woman of noble figure and majestic deportment, uncommon good sense and cleverness. Lady Anne has an elegance of form, a sweetness of manners, and a good share of Wit. Lady Jenny has most lovely looks and great vivacity. They are all very good humoured. The Night went on delightfully.

Sunday 31 October.

I felt myself very comfortable, and Erskine and I talked over multitudes of literary Anecdotes. Lady Balcarras dined with us. I did not display myself at all. She went away. The Evening past finely in easy agreable chat.

Monday 1 November.

Lady Betty declared her intention of going for New-Tarbat next day with Lady Anne and the Captain. This was hard upon me, who had resolved to solace myself all the week at Kelly. However We prevailed on her to stay till Wednesday. This day went on vastly well. I was happy not so much from having a high flow of enjoyment, as from an absence of uneasiness, and a kind of pleasing gay tranquillity. At night Erskine went with me to my room, talked an hour philosophicaly; He told me that he had not the least ambition to rise in the Army; that all his plan was to make 24 hours pass agreably; that he did not imagine they went better on with a General than with a Subaltern; that he had no liking for show or dress, or respect which he laughed at. I told him (and I think with justice) that he lost much pleasure from wanting a relish for these things as they occurred often and did finely to give play to the fancy. He said he wished to be esteemed a good Writer. But that he did not think himself one. He said that he never thought of a future life because we were only groping in the dark.

Tuesday 2 November.

This day past as well as I could wish. I liked my existence very well. What would I give to have all my days of the same kind?

Wednesday

Wednesday 3 November.

At nine o'clock we left Kelly. Erskine and I had a Kinghorn chaise drawn by two miserable lean animals and driven by a two-leg'd Brute-An Equipage, as my friend observed, caclulated to retard rather than to forward our Journey. Indeed they dragg'd us along with so snail-like a motion and at last stood so stupidly still that we were obliged to take them out and clap in a pair of good greys that fortune threw in our way. We plumed ourselves much on our good-nature and observed that we did not know two young fellows in Britain who would have bore such a situation with so much patience. Our greys went briskly on. Upon the road Erskine painted the horrors of a German Campaign very particularly and very strongly, and so frightened both me and Himself. We dined heartily at Kinghorn and then went aboard a boat. It was a pretty rough day and I was pretty much affraid but sung and joked all the way. We got to Leith in an hour. We went to Oman's, drank tea and took a hackney-coach to town. Erskine and I were set down at the Netherbow and went immediatly to the Shop of Mr. Alexander Donaldson, where we were much respected and entertained with literary news. We then went to Paxton's new Inn in the Grass Market where we put up. Here we were joined by Mr. Dempster, a most agreable well-bred man, sensible and clever, gentle and amiable, guite a Gentleman, and his Sister, Miss Jeany Dempster, a fine Woman, very well-looked indeed, elegant and remarkably remarkably witty. We were tollerably merry tho' not so much so as might have been expected; but as I said, a little *grey* or even, to give another odd Epithet, *grizly*.

Thursday 4 November.

This was the fast day before the Sacrament. Erskine and I went and waited on David Hume. We found him in his house in James's Court, in a good room newly fitted up hung round with Strange's Prints. He was sitting at his ease reading Homer. He told us that Mr. Mallet was just going to publish his life of the Duke of Marlborough, a pretty large work in two Quarto Volumes, which would throw great light on the transactions of that period; That Mr. Mallet had the best opportunities of intelligence. He had all the Marlborough papers. Lord Chesterfield carried him to the hague, where he learnt all that they knew there, and he went to Paris where he learnt what were, at the period in which Marlborough lived, the great court secrets; but might now be known to every body. Mr. Hume hoped he would be free without respect to parties; "And indeed," said he, "this is an advantageous time, as the distinction between Whig and Tory is allmost abolished. Altho' Mr. Mallett's writings posess only mediocrity, yet they discover taste and the art of Composition. Therefore," said he, "I imagine this will be a good Work." Mr. Mallet has written bad Tragedies because he is deficient in the pathetic, and hence it is doubted if he is the Author of William and Margaret. Mr. Hume said he knew people

people who had seen it before Mallet was born. Erskine gave another proof, viz that he has written Edwin and Emma, a Ballad in the same stile, not near so good. Smollet is continuing his history, is treading hard on the heels of time and of the London Gazette. What a pity it is that he must write for Bread. His Magazine is the worst. He writes now very little in the Critical Review. Mr. Franklin, Greek Professor at Cambridge, and Mr. Campbell, Son to a Principal Campbell of St Andrews, write in it. It is an invidious task. Every month there are about 70 Authors and during the year not above 2 good ones. The Reviewers are obliged to stab these and so get a legion of ennemies. Doctor Armstrong is a man of great genius. His Poem on health is truly classical; the most Augustan thing that we have in English. His Œconomy of love is very poetical. His Scetches by Launcelot Temple ingenious and his Spleen in them admirable. His Essay on Criticism and his Benevolence, tho' written in rugged verse, have strong good sense. Tristram Shandy may perhaps go on a little longer; but we will not follow him. With all his drollery there is a sameness of extravagance which tires us. We have just a succession of Surprise, surprise, surprise. Fingal is not much heard of at present. The English were exceedingly fond of it at first but hearing that it was Scotch, they became jealous and silent. Doctor Blair's Dissertation will awaken attention to it. It is a fine piece of criticism; but it were to be wished that he had kept it a little lower than Homer. For it might be a very excellent Poem and yet fall short of the Iliad. Macpherson, the Translator, is a most curious fellow.

fellow. He is full of highland Prejudices. He hates a Republic and he does not like Kings. He would have all the Nation divided into Clans, and these clans to be allways fighting. He has got a dislike to study and cannot settle to read a quarter of an hour. Lord Bute does not know what to do with him. He was offered a Professorship but that he refused, alledging that a studious life was the dullest of any. He would not go into the Church, altho' he was sure of being a Bishop tomorrow; and, except he could be brought in upon a particular good footing, he would not accept a commission in the Army. As he is a Scotchman, Lord Bute does not chuse to put him upon the list of Pensioners, and therefore generously gives him two hundred a year out of his own pocket. Mr. Samuel Johnson has got a Pension of $f_{0.300}$ a year. Indeed his Dictionary was a kind of a national Work so he has a kind of claim to the Patronage of the state. His stile is particular and pedantic. He is a man of enthusiasm and antiquated notions, a keen Jacobite yet hates the Scotch. Holds the Episcopal Hierarchy in supreme veneration and said he would stand before a battery of cannon to have the Convocation restored to it's full powers. He holds Mr. Hume in abhorrence and left a company one night upon his coming in. Garrick told Mr. Hume that Johnson past one Evening behind the Scenes in the Green room. He said he had been well entertained. Mr. Garrick therefore hoped to see him often. "No, David," said he, "I will never come back. For the white bubbies and the silk stockings of your Actresses excite my Genitals."

Lord

Lord Kames's *Elements* has genius but is abstrues. It is surprising how he should think his book adapted to female capacity. For he will probably find few Ladies who can follow him thro' all his nicities. He is a man very apt to change his favourites. He is positive in opinion. He is fond of young people, of instructing them and dictating to them; but whenever they come up and have a mind of their own, he quarrels with them. Mr. Sheridan's Lectures are vastly too enthusiastic. He is to do every thing by Oratory. It is like the verse in the Song extolling Drunkeness.

Alexander hated thinking, Drank about at Council-board, He subdued the world by drinking More than by his conq'ring sword.

I asked Mr. Hume to write more. He said he had done enough and was allmost ashamed to see his own bulk on a Shelf. We payed him a few compliments in pleasant mirth. Thus did an hour and a half of our Existence move along. We were very happy. I showed away, started subjects and now and then spoke tollerably, much better than my knowledge entitles me to do. I have remembered the heads and the very words of a great part of Mr. Hume's conversation with us. We left him and went to Mrs. Love's and saw the picture of Falstaff, then walked in the Piazzas of Holyroodhouse. Erskine said he thought me in great danger of getting in with Blackguard Geniuses in London; Bucks and Choice Spirits, under players and fellows who write droll songs, Who would admire my humour, make me King of the Company

Company and allow me to pay the bill. I owned it; and determined to be upon my guard. At two we went to Thom's and had a good dinner and a moderate glass. We reflected that we had past our forenoon well with the greatest Writer in Brittain, a comic Actress and A Royal Palace. At five we went to our Inn and had tea and chatted gravely till seven, when the Ladies, Dempster and Nairne came. Nairne is an honest upright fellow; somewhat stiff in his manner, but not without parts in a moderate degree. The evening went rather better on than our last. At night a high piece of fun exercised our risible faculties. Erskine and I had but one bed as the house was throng; however tonight they made up one for me, but it fronted the door, was a box bed and look'd poor and cold; I therefore objected to my quitting my last night's place. However I agreed to try it. But I was scarcely in till I jumpt out again in the most antic situation, declaring that they had made up a bed for me in the most absurd manner—of Spits—frying pans—Shovels. Erskine seemed amazed, went in too and came out again, adding that there were also Chimnies, fenders and broom besoms. After we had laughed most prodigiously at these circumstances, I told him with a great degree of consternation that they had also put in the Jack and had contrived to wind it up, by which means it was going below my backside, creaking and rattling most hideously. Never, sure, was there a more wild Invention. I don't know what effects it may produce when read, but at the time of it's being discovered it had wonderfull power of risibility. Indeed we could scarce sleep,

sleep, for allways as we tried to compose ourselves we broke out into immoderate peals of laughter. At last we sunk to rest.

Friday 5 November

Erskine and I dined at Donaldson's. He entertained us with his projects. I envied him whose blood could circulate so strongly on account of any thing. There was no company there but ourselves. So that we had a worse dinner, and were too much in the family stile. We looked as if we had been boarded with him. We were grave and rather dull. We went back to the Inn and had coffee. The Ladies, Dempster and Nairne came to us. The story of my amazing bed made the whole house shake. I questioned both the Waiter and the Chambermaid gravely about it, and made excellent sport. We were merry and jovial this night. I shaved a good deal. They were very angry at me, and said it was the only fault I had. But it was a great one, as they were kept in continual Apprehension and never knew whether to take me in earnest or not. They owned that I shaved inimitably well; but as I had now attained to perfection in the art, they thought I might lay it aside. In reality it is a bad practice, for People cannot talk to one with seriousness and openess when they imagine that they are all the time making themselves perfectly ridiculous in the eyes of him to whom they are speaking. When I get into the Guards and am in real life, I shall give it over.

Saturday 6 November

The Ladies now went to Lady Kellie's house in the Cannongate. We got all into a coach and drove to it. Erskine, Dempster and I took a walk in the King's park. Dempster said he had been subject to low spirits but had got rid of them by thought, and that he now lay down and rose up with the same notions of everything. We went to the Botanical Garden and look'd at the Green-house. They then went to dine at different places and I took a saunter in the Piazzas of Holyroodhouse with great contentment. I shall probably dine in this way pretty often in London. I drank tea with Mr. Fordyce, a man of estate, of good business as a Banker and good parts and a good heart. I find myself strongly impelled to give a sketch of the characters that I meet with, notwithstanding my former declaration. I shall therefore beg leave to indulge this as I find it agreable. Indeed my figures are but very naked. They are but rude unfinished draughts and must not be taken as compleat Images. I next went and consulted C- what to do about a lodging till the family came to town. He advised me to have a room in Mrs. Mcenna's in our own Stair, where I formerly lodged. Accordingly I went and took one, sent up my baggage and went to the Ladies. We supt most agreably. In expressing the effects of good company the words agreable, merry, pleasant, happy etc. must often occur, but this sameness must be excused. Indeed we may be thankfull to heaven for frequent occasions of it. I this night

felt

felt myself much in love with Miss Dempster. My Passion for Lady Betty, which I should have remarked as posessing me at Kelly, was now gone. I thought Miss Dempster the most engaging of her sex. I professed the highest Admiration and I groaned in despair. I have indeed the most veering amorous affections that I ever knew any body have.

Sunday 7 November

I got up in a bad frame. I had the room where Mr. Fergusson and Davie used to sleep. Greasy, black, Seceder mystical books were lying on a Cabinet-head. All the dreary ideas of my youth recurred upon me. I thought myself a Boy and an unhappy discontented being. I went out immediatly and breakfasted with young Fergusson of Pitfour, a sensible fellow, very odd and whimsical. He had with him a younger Brother, an officer in the Greys. They disputed about dress. Fergusson said it was a very bad sign of a man to keep himself neat and that a man of Genius was allways careless in that particular. His brother, a fine, smart, little resolute fellow, replied, "If, Sir, a dirty face be the distinguishing mark of a Man of Genius, every Blockhead may soon acquire that character." "No Sir," said he, "a Blockhead cannot; he would wash a part of his face and leave the rest as it was: the true classic dust cannot be feigned." We talked of fear at Engagements. Says he, "When I was going abroad we imagined we were to be attacked by the french fleet: and I computed how much affraid I was by what I would give to be ashore, and it

was just five hundred pounds." These curious sallies may give a specimen of the man. His Brother gave me such terrible descriptions of the great expence, fatigue and danger of a German Campaign, that my blood run cold in my veins or rather stood still. He made a very just observation that every man has a worse opinion of his own resolution than it deserves. For every man does wonderfully well when put to the tryal. At eleven I went down to the Ladies. We were very calm and very fond of one another. Lady Betty read us a part of a french novel in English which she can do perfectly well. The subject was Marriage and whether mutual liberties were to be indulged. This led me to talk of Women and their characters. I observed that they were much more apt to be perswaded to what was wrong than men and that sacred writt pointed out this to us very strongly; for that Joseph resisted the strongest sollicitations from his Mistress, whereas David had not much trouble in gaining the wife of Uriah. I observed that Potiphar's wife must have been a very bad woman; not so much for asking Joseph at first, as he was a fine handsom fellow; but because she did not admire his great integrity and genuine virtue, but on the contrary used him most basely. I began in my usual stile to Philosophise and dip deep into the nature of things. Says Erskine, "Boswell, you often dive for Pearls but you bring us up Cockleshells." "Nay," said I, "what is still more extraordinary, I dive for pearls, and I bring up Swine." This made us laugh heartily and served better to knock down my diving Imagination than the most serious rea-

soning

soning. The Ladies went out to tea. Erskine and I had it comfortable by ourselves. We got a *Review* fresh from London. We contended who should read it first: we quarrelled and were reconciled again. Saindie Gordon sat a while with us. The Ladies came to us at six. We were in a fine flow of fancy by reading some new Poems by Mr. Ogilvie. We expatiated on their beauties and we walked up and down the room fast and lively. The Evening went on exceedingly well.

Monday 8 November

I breakfasted with Nairne and past the forenoon with the Ladies. I dined and drank tea with young Pitfour. I was very lively. He declared that there was no character like mine in this Countrey, and that I was certainly the native of a more southern climate. I supt with the Ladies very happily.

Tuesday of November

My Father had come to town the night before. I went and waited upon him a little. I breakfasted with Young Pitfour, past the forenoon with the Ladies; dined with old Pitfour, the greatest Lawyer in Scotland and one of the best of men, posest of good sense, Honesty and meekness. I drank tea with his son and took him with me to the Ladies at night. I was all spirit and entertained them prodigiously. I began this night to take off Mr. David Hume which I did amazingly well. Indeed it was not an imitation but the very Man. I had not only his external address,

but

but his sentiments and mode of expression. To pass four and twenty hours was now my favourite phrase; so that "how goes your four and twenty" was my usual manner of accosting my friends.

Wednesday 10 November

I breakfasted with my Father, and past all the forenoon in the house and was serenely blest. I felt myself easy and content, and considered the many scenes I had run through as conducive to my felicity by furnishing ideas to amuse my mind. I have often found a day past at home in a careless nightgown way, as pleasant as any. About noon My Mother and Davie came. I dined with them. I now resolved to set out for London on Monday. I would not have Dempster for my Companion because he would be a greater man upon the road than me; and because I might be in danger of tiring of him. Mr. Donaldson got notice of a Mr. Harris, a young irish Physician, to go with me. I drank tea with the Ladies in high spirits. The theatre opened this night with The Beggars Opera. Erskine and I went and sat snug in the Pit. Digges played Macheath as well as ever. I glowed with fancy and was convinced that life is to be altogether despised. I went and sat a while in the Box with Miss Menie Buchanan. We were Glad to see each other again. Were very smart and made a figure in the house. After the Play I went home with Erskine and supt. A very good Evening.

Thursday II November

I breakfasted with my Mother and then went to the Excise Office and had a serious conference with Mr. Commissioner Cochrane, who bid me give in an exact list of my debts; and told me that My Father would clear them off, and allow me two hundred a year; and then if I did not do well I should only have myself to blame. This made me perfectly happy. It was all that I could ask. I accordingly made it out. My Father also agreed to take my horses which made me alltogether at ease. I dined with the Ladies and was in a fine, calm, friendly Stile. Poor Mr. Cameron of Lochiel, a genteel, pretty, worthy young man, was just dead, which affected me much, and made me join reflection with my mirth. I drank coffee at Thom's expecting C-, but he did not come. I then went to Fordyce's where was young Fergusson. I took off whole groupes of characters and was very great in mimicry. Yet I resolved to lay it aside with shaving when I get into the Guards, as a mimic is but an inferior person in company. Erskine and I supt at Lord Kames's so so. Not very lively. My Lord and My Lady received me kindly. I laughed off my abrupt departure from them.

Friday 12 November

I dined this day and supt with the Ladies. I engaged for a Companion to London, Mr. Stewart, Mate to an East Indiaman. As I was now all in a flutter about my journey, I can only give a few

few hints of my proceedings. I was at the concert. I went and took leave of Mrs. Webster, the Doctor and Mr. Boswell.

Saturday 13 November

I had my Creditors with me and discharged my debts or rather had them discharged. I was busy packing and had no dinner. At night I was at the Play, *Venice Preserved*, and saw Mrs. Bellamy play and Mr. Digges in Pierre. I felt a pleasing regret at leaving the Edinburgh Theatre. I supt with the Ladies. The Earl was there.

Sunday 14 November

I went to Chapel in the forenoon, dined first with Ladies, then with Lord Somerville, then sat a while with Digges, then with C— at Thom's, then at home with Father and Mother, then supt at Lord Kames's. Took leave of all.

Thus have I brought down my Journal from the time of my leaving Auchinleck to my setting out for London. The various scenes it exhibits must amuse, and all the little Incidents must please those who are particularly attached to me. I shall make no Apology for its defects, as I have obviated these in my Introduction. The last days are imperfect; as I was hurried. I shall continue the method of keeping a Journal which will amuse me at the time, and lay up a store of entertainment for me afterwards.

A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY BOSWELL

$\mathcal{N}OTE$

THIS is undated, but judging by the character of the signature, must be nearly contemporary with the letter to Lady Auchinleck written in 1754. We have no specimen of Boswell's writing from 1754 until 1758; but it evidently changed rapidly during that time, and the drawing must have been made, I incline to think, in his fifteenth, or not later than his sixteenth year.

The scene is almost certainly the bank of the river Lugar, which runs through the Auchinleck property. But, as no architecture such as is depicted now remains standing, the precise point cannot be identified with certainty. The Rev. J. Hill, Minister of Auchinleck, who has kindly brought his long-standing familiarity with the neighbourhood to bear on the question, tells me that from the lie of the ground the site appears to be that of Ochiltree Mill.

This is the only extant pictorial work which Boswell has to his credit. We hear indeed of his making in 1776 a design for a cartoon of Rousseau with Hume and Voltaire, entitled "The Savage Man," and he complains that his idea was altered in the print. But there is no reason to believe that his suggestion on that occasion was more than a rudimentary sketch, or that the published print bears any relation to Boswell's draughtsmanship.

Boswell, indeed, admits that he found it hard to pay attention to the world of "inanimate objects;" the anxious angler employed on the bank was, perhaps, the principal interest, to him, in this scene. But the earnest precision of the sketch is characteristic enough.



. 1. Rome Vina



A RELIC OF LORD AUCHINLECK

LORD AUCHINLECK (1706-1782) stands in strong dramatic contrast to his son. Contemptuous of English and foreign ways, rustic in speech and rough in demeanour, the judge was, at the same time, a master of irony and a fine scholar. From him Boswell learnt precision and a veneration, if not an aptitude, for the classic tongues. Writing to his son Alexander (Feb. 7, 1794) Boswell says "... I cannot too often repeat to you that the happiness of your private life will be much promoted by your study of the classicks. If you do not find it too hard upon you, I would earnestly press upon you to get passages of the ancient poets by heart. Both my Grandfather and Father had exercised their memories well in this way, and I was much obliged to my Father for giving me a premium for each Ode of Horace I got by heart, so that I could once repeat I believe upwards of forty of them, of which considerable fragments still remain in my recollection, and are in readiness for quotation, which is a very pleasant thing . . . " (Malahide MS.)

And among Boswell's papers is found a small piece of vellum inscribed by Lord Auchinleck, with quotations from Horace and other Latin poets, in a hand which is a fine example of that meticulous pedantry he combined, surprisingly, with a most uncouth use of his mother tongue. The parchment is signed "Scripsit Alex" Boswel Auchinleci 1746." The facsimile is the exact size of the original.

These microscopic verses reveal, under a magnifying glass, Lord Auchinleck's pagan rule of life: rustic simplicity, scholarship and a good conscience. Quid quæris? Vivo et regno.

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Boswell frequently complained of the handicap of his "narrow upbringing." This may have been true in a social and sectarian sense, but Lord Auchinleck, with his taste for architecture, his medals and his collated text of Anacreon, exercised anything but a narrow or illiberal influence. The *Life of Johnson* is due in part to his discipline; for it results from a rare combination of scholarly method with a temperament of an almost opposite kind.

Of Lord Auchinleck's classic tastes there is another indication in a letter which Rev. David Cooper, Minister of the local kirk, addresses to him on the death of his child Euphemia. The parson is careful to savour his condolences with classical allusions: "When the Great Scaliger lost his Son . . .", "you know how Cicero lamented . . ." From the same letter we learn that Boswell himself nearly died in infancy. On these grounds, and indeed for its own merits, the Minister's letter deserves printing.

From the Rev. David Cooper to Lord Auchinleck.

(Endorsed on the outside by Lord Auchinleck "Condoling with me and my Dear Wife on the death of our daughter Euphemia.")

Dear Sir,

Yours of Janry 31st came to hand only two days ago; but the melancholy Subject I had heard of sooner. I hope I need not use many words to assure you, that my Wife and I, as indeed all your Acquaintance here, do heartily sympathize with Mrs. Boswell and you in your Affliction: to weep with those that weep is not only a natural, but even a Religious Office. 'Tis not easy to persuade us, but it is most undoubtedly true, that the most

disagreeable events are often best for us. Such is the weakness of our nature, that the Satisfactions and pleasures of this Temporal State are too apt to engross our affections, and therefore Our heavenly Father sees it sometimes proper to give us even sensible demonstration how uncertain our dearest comforts in this life are; and upon a just view of things—it will easily appear that the most adverse circumstances of our Lot are the effect of the greatest Wisdom and Goodness. What Solomon says of Riches (Prov. 23.5.) is true as to all the enjoyments of this World; they are not; a very elegant expression, to represent to us how very precarious they are, how soon and how surprizingly we may be rob'd of them, and therefore ought not to set our hearts immoderately upon them. "Is thy little Child dead?" saith Epictetus. "It is only restored to him who gave it." Ench. Cap. 15. One would think the greatest Spirits least able to bear up under some troubles, particularly the Death of Children: when the Great Scaliger lost his Son he cryes out "In illo vivebam, in illo perii," a very extravagant way of expressing his grief; and you know how Cicero lamented the death of his Tullia; nothing could comfort him: the Epistles wrote on that occasion by himself and his friend are very entertaining: but the arguments urg'd for his consolation are but weak, compar'd with those afforded by Revelation: could his Friend have sent him a Copy of the first chapter of Job, I doubt not but it would have given him a more sensible relief than all those considerations that were laid before him. What a wonderful force is there in these words, and how worthy are they of a Great and Good Man,"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," etc. Adversity tryes the sincerity of our Religion and dependance on God, and they are greatly to be pityed who want the Supports of it on that needful occasion. How happy should we be, could we learn so to improve the troubles of life, as to become thereby more indifferent to everything that

is transitory and uncertain, and to cultivate in our selves that resign'd temper of mind, to which nothing can happen amiss.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis, Alteram sortem bene praeparatum Pectus.

I hope we shall soon have the pleasure of hearing that your little Son is out of danger. My Duty to Auchinleck and humble Service to all Friends, etc. I am with the greatest sincerity,

Dear Sir,

Yours, etc.

Auchinleck Feb. 14th, 1741. Da. Cooper

The Rev. David Cooper was Minister at Auchinleck from 1732 to 1751, in which year Lord Auchinleck appointed as his successor, the Rev. John Dun; who, no doubt on good classic grounds, was entrusted with Boswell's education.

On Boswell's later relations with his father the newly found journals will throw much light; and letters from Lord Auchinleck will be found in Vols. II and V.



FIRST MEMORANDA OF JOHNSON, 1763

OF the earliest association between Boswell and Johnson, the Malahide Papers unfortunately contain hardly any record. The journal, which Boswell undoubtedly kept at that time, and which would have furnished us with his contemporary account of the famous meeting in Davies' back-parlour has not been found. We obtain, however, some brief indications from another and rather tantalizing source, namely Boswell's memoranda: small loose sheets to which he committed his fragmentary resolves for the ensuing day. (See General Introduction page 22.)

Slight as they are, it will yet be worth while to note here these few entries which relate to Johnson, since they form the earliest written record which exists of the historic friendship. The original meeting in Davies' shop on May 16th, 1763 did not (so far as these notes show) inspire Boswell with any immediate resolutions; the first mention of the name is in a note, dated May 19th, "Take Capt. Temp. at 5 to Chelsea to see Johnson." But I take this, certainly, to refer to that other Johnson, who could ride upon three horses at once. This is followed (May 25th) by "Bring up journ. and stop not

¹Boswell can scarcely have planned, immediately after his first abashed meeting with Dr. Johnson, to take a stranger (and an undistinguished one) to visit him. And why to Chelsea? For Johnson, the horse-rider, see *Life*, Vol. I, p. 399. *Capt.* may have been the rank socially accorded by his friends to Lieut. (Bob) Temple who was living with Boswell at this time.

till 2 so as to have your last rich scenes in good order." The last of these "rich scenes" would have been his first visit to Johnson in the Temple. On June 14 we find "See Johnson oft, and all the Literati and also Places round London, so as to talk of 'em abroad;" and (on June 17), "See Johnson on Sat. See him 2 and 3 times a week and have him wt. you next week." But we know from the Life that these plans did not take effect, for Boswell there tells us that, owing to his entanglement in London gaieties, there was but one meeting with Johnson between May 24 and the chance encounter at Clifton's Eating-house on June 25.

Next we find three entries where the name is misspelled: (June 18,) "At I call Johnston. Be fine and appoint him to Sup with you next week. Think of telling him your imbecillity, your disposition to ridicule, etc. and take his advice;" June 29, "Poor Johnst. is dull;" July 1, "At 2 Johnston." There can be no question here of a reference to Johnston (of Grange) since we know him to have been in Scotland at this date (See Letters C. B. T. No. 7). It is natural enough that Boswell should have sometimes confused the names of his old and his new friend; but it adds to the pitfalls of the text. After that we find (on July 2) "Don't go down, 'twill ruin you . . . You have Johnson and Wilkes and Churchill, etc. to be well with;" followed by (July 9) "At 2 call Johnson and resolve no more taverns but I wt. Johnson and I wt. Churchill;" July 14 he notes, "Pay Johnson shilling;" on July 15, "Bring up Journ. as Johnson desired you should;" on July 19, "Call Johnst. and sit, and ask to present Dempster;" and next day, "Call Dempster and fix Johnston at night." The result of this last injudicious project is well-known. Johnson declared next day, "I have

not met with any man in a long time who has given me such general displeasure." To his note for July 21 Boswell adds, "Send your letters to Johnson, and ask him to say freely whether you have or may have powers, or if you had better not try to run." This, no doubt, refers to his newly published correspondence with Erskine. On July 22 we find the earliest MS record of Johnson's talk. (For this subject, see Vol. VI). On July 23, "Mem. Johnson's directions; not drunk."

It is a remarkable sign of the great man's immediate liking for his callow admirer that he should after so slight an acquaintance have proposed, on Boswell's leaving England, to journey with him to the coast ("I must see thee out of England." Life, Vol. I, p. 462). Boswell cautiously resolves (August 1), "Be not obstinate as to his going with you, though if he does, 'tis great." Next day, (August 2) we read, "Be wt. Johnson at 2 . . . give out linnens and pack up and be placid and get into grave humour for Journey."

And sometime in the midst of the giving out of "linnens" and the placid packing, Boswell found time to write out the following special memorandum:

Memorandum

"Set out for Harwich, like Father grave and comfortable. Be alert all along, yet composed. Speak Little—make no intimates. Be in earnest to improve. It is not you alone concerned, but your worthy father. Be reserved in Grief; You'll be so in Joy. Go abroad with a manly resolution to improve, and corespond with Johnson. Be gratefull to him. See to attain a fixed and consistent character, to have dignity. Never despair.

Remember Johnson's precepts on experience of Mankind. Consider there is truth. Consider that when you come home with a settled composure you will enjoy life much, without exhausting spirits and setting yourself up as a Buffoon or a jolly dog. Study like Lord Chesterfield Manly. You're your own master quite. Accustom yourself not to vent your feelings and never querulous and so resemble Johnson. Study Philosophy and so have mind allways calm. Your mind will strengthen by years. Give it only fair play."

The remainder of this memorandum has evidently been added to the sheet more than two years later on his return to England:

"Remember allways to wait patiently till Melancholy goes off, and allways to take by force some exercise of body or mind. You know at Leyden how bad you was wt. Abraham Gronovius, and how you grew well. Pray determine to have firmness of mind; and you'll allways grow well. Think that your plan is to see the world, and to acquire knowledge and manners, and then to return to Scotland not as an old tolbooth Kirk presbyterian; but as a modern Gentleman of Scotland reserved and polite, a man of letters and taste like Sir David, who can see De la cour's paintings on a Saturday, walk to Abbey, dine at Lord Somerville's, see Digges in Macbeth at night, and then sit a sober hour at Thom's with Johnston. Banish prejudice agt. Scotland; where you relish London Authors much—and remember you're Johnson's friend. Deserve to be so."

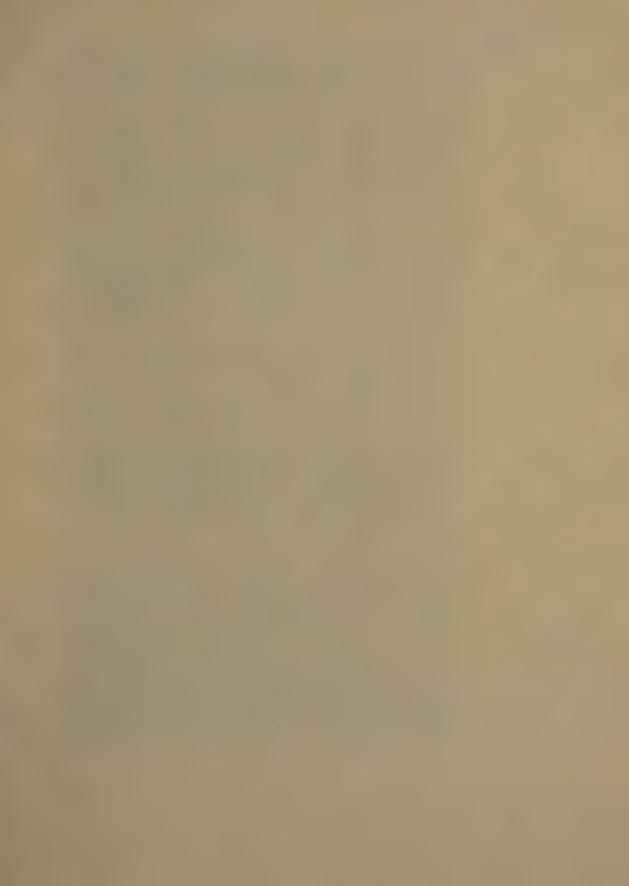
Thus on Aug. 6, 1763 Boswell set forth on his Continental adventures. The picture of his parting from Dr. Johnson at Harwich is vivid to readers of the *Life*:

"My passage in the packet-boat to Helvoetsluys being secured, and my baggage put on board, we dined at our inn by ourselves.

Memor andum Let out for Hanving fine Frather prower comfortable. Beacen all along, yet compose Speak Little make no intimates. Be un Earnest to improve orcamed fort you alone rescured in Greef for be de in Jong. Gras at the a manly reson fim to improve & come Me grate Pull to Ren See to attain a Proces to, to have dignity. remember a constant hrecepto, on expen ince of manhing onvider there is mith. Consider that when you come home with a titled compound you will enjoy Ufe purch, mich at eathausting I ourself no po i by afform grantolly they berdy

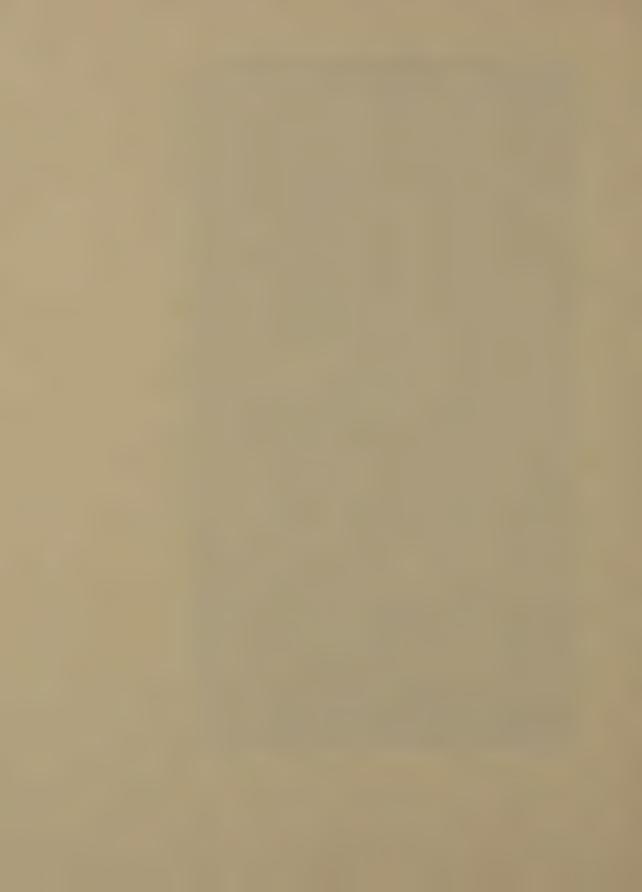
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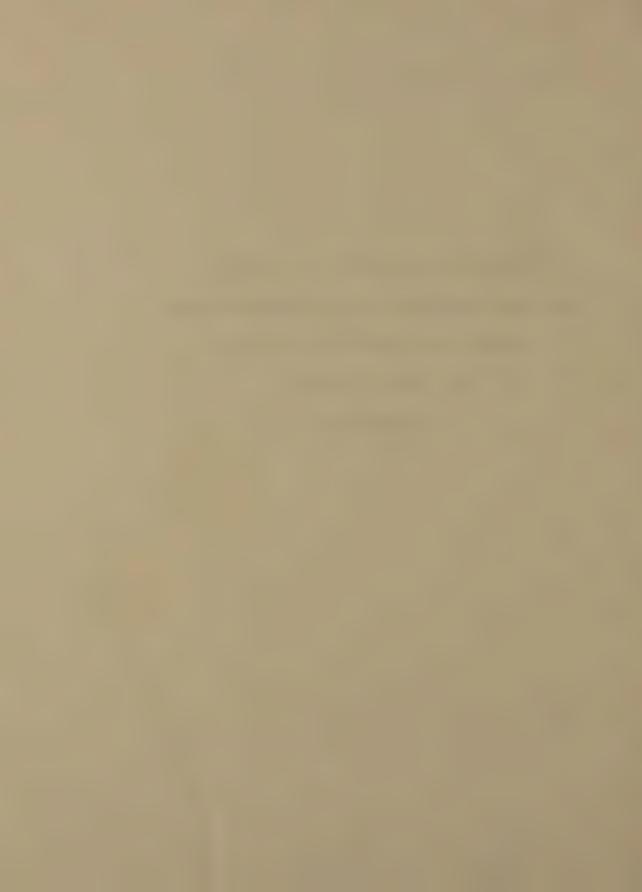


I happened to say it would be terrible if he should not find a speedy opportunity of returning to London, and be confined to so dull a place. JOHNSON. 'Don't Sir, accustom yourself to use big words for little matters. It would not be terrible though I were to be detained some time here'.... My revered friend walked down with me to the beach, where we embraced and parted with tenderness, and engaged to correspond by letters. I said, 'I hope, Sir, you will not forget me in my absence.' JOHNSON. 'Nay Sir, it is more likely you should forget me, than that I should forget you.' As the vessel put out to sea, I kept my eyes upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestick frame in his usual manner; and at last I perceived him walk back into the town, and he dissappeared."

Boswell, with this scene in mind, faithfully preserved all his life the receipt for his passage, leading him to Holland and Zélide, and beyond, through the Courts of Germany to Rousseau and Voltaire, to Italy, and the Corsican adventure on which for twenty years he was to rest his fame. (*Facsimile opposite*.) ecewe on board



DAVID BOSWELL'S OATH ON THE OLD CASTLE OF AUCHINLECK DEVISED, WRITTEN AND WITNESSED BY JAMES BOSWELL 19 October 1767



NOTE

THIS curious document, although it is dated 1767 and thus falls four years later than the limit assigned to the Early Papers, belongs, nevertheless, essentially to the youthful background of Boswell's life. It illustrates, better than anything else we possess, the highly romantic attachment which he felt, and assiduously cultivated, for his feudal ancestry. "Think, then, of a gentleman of ancient blood, the pride of which was his predominent passion": such is the picture of himself which he asks his readers to bear in mind at the outset of the "Tour of the Hebrides." This preoccupation remained undimmed to the end of his life; but the scene in Ayrshire (where the Laird of Auchinleck, issuing from his gate, rode ten miles forward over his inherited lands) was a romantic association of his boyhood.

Of the "Old Castle of Auchinleck," the visible token of this flattering antiquity of race, nothing remained in the eighteenth century but a mossy ruin on the wooded bank of the River Lugar, the actual residence being a Palladian edifice of considerable pretensions newly built by Lord Auchinleck. Dr. Johnson, visiting Auchinleck in 1773, was "less delighted with the elegance of the modern mansion, than with the sullen dignity of the old castle. I clambered with Mr. Boswell among the ruins, which afford striking images of ancient life." Boswell on the same occasion felt himself "elated here" and, "in the glow of what I am sensible will in a commercial age be considered as a genealogical enthusiasm," he recounted the story of the Oath, took occasion to mention his Royal Blood, and "expatiated to my illustrious Mentor on the

antiquity and honourable alliances of my family and on the merits of its founder, Thomas Boswell," who, after receiving Auchinleck from his King in 1504, fell at his side on Flodden Field.

The Castle of "The Field of Stones," which is the scene of the Oath, was associated far more vividly and agreably with Boswell's early years than with the period when he himself became Laird. His pride and interest in all that concerned the property and the pedigree was the chief bond that united the young heir to his father; the "romantic groves of my ancestors" frequently cast their pleasing shade over his earlier letters. But after Lord Auchinleck's remarriage in 1769, on the very day of his son's wedding, the antipathy which Boswell felt for his step-mother rendered Auchinleck disagreable to him. The estrangement with his father widened; his wife and children were scarcely invited to the house, and his own visits were usually the occasion of acrimonious disputes about the entail and anxious prognostications about the will. By the time Boswell succeeded to the estate, on his father's death in 1782, these painful associations coupled with his London interests had largely destroyed his desire to live there; his enthusiasm for the old castle of Auchinleck burned bright in Great Queen Street and Great Portland Street.

The Record of the Oath is, therefore, more conveniently placed with the papers which illustrate Boswell's earlier Scottish life. It is in its inspiration an eminently juvenile document. The romantically staged scene on the crumbling walls, the Seal of Investiture, the Chaplains drawn from their pulpits at Auchinleck and Tundergarth and "appointed for the occasion," and the entire

family of Bruces—mostly juvenile gardeners—proclaiming with one voice, at a suitable moment selected by Boswell, their fealty to his ancient line,—all this appears more like the device of a boy of fifteen than a man of twenty-seven. It is an excellent example of that failure to grow up which accounts for so much of Boswell's artistic success and worldly failure.

The central figure of this remarkable rite, David Boswell, was in every way his brother's opposite in character and temperament; slow, plodding, shy, conventional and entirely unimaginative, he probably executed the rôle here assigned to him with quite inadequate gusto. One sees him, awaiting his cue, with eyes patiently fixed upon the Master of the Ceremonies.

On his return from Valencia in 1780, David Boswell found a letter of introduction to Dr. Johnson which, says Boswell, "I had taken care should be lying ready on his arrival in London": "My dear Sir, This will be delivered to you by my brother David, on his return from Spain. You will be glad to see the man who vowed to 'stand by the old castle of Auchinleck, with heart, purse, and sword;' that romantick family solemnity devised by me, of which you and I talked with complacency upon the spot. I trust that twelve years of absence have not lessened his feudal attachment; and that you will find him worthy of being introduced to your acquaintance." (Life III, 433.)

David now added the ratification and postscript to the Oath, making it clear (lest we might "be mistaken") that the "custom" of his investiture had originated not in the middle ages. We are left to infer that it sprang from the brain of his brother James,

thence to be continued "in time to come." The postscript had almost certainly the same origin, though David is this time allowed to hold the pen.

Three years afterwards in a letter dated 17th November, 1783, he announces to James Boswell his approaching marriage, which was probably the only unbusiness-like step of his career, since the "deserving young woman," Anne, daughter of General Sir Charles Green, only possessed "a little pension of between £40 and £50," part of which she was to lose. For this mistake he threw the blame on Lady Oughton. He subsequently became head of the Prize Department in the Navy Office, purchased Crawley Grange in Buckinghamshire, and, after surviving James Boswell by over thirty years, died in 1826. His son Thomas unsuccessfully contested the breaking of the Entail by which Auchinleck passed into the female line.

David Boswell was never called upon to stand by the old castle with his sword; and the strings of his purse were found to be rather tightly drawn in some negotiations with his brother regarding settlements. But his family feelings were of a serious and practical kind and in later years he used unavailingly to implore Boswell to return and look after the estates, instead of "going to ruin" in London; a conclusion which would have astonished the heated imagination of Boswell on the 19th day of October when "All this was done."

I David Bornell youngest Son of The Right Honourable Alexander Bornele Lord of Se foion and Insticiary present Representative of the Pamily of Archine do by these presents declare that when any branch of it is sent flood into the world, I have stood upon the old bastle of Auchinleck and have there solemnly promised to stand by these old walls with heart purse and sword that is to say that in tatever part of the globe my fortune should place me, I should allways be faithful to the ancient family of etuchinleck, and give a reasonable obedience to the representative thereof In consequence of which I was invested with a ring according to the wage of Javid Bos well the he Family. All this was done upon he nineteenth day of october in the sear of our Lord one thousand even hundred and firsty veven rears, in presence of James Boomer squire my eldest Brother, and Heir of the Framily, the Reverend Mr. John un Minister at Auchinlech and the Reverend Mr. Joseph Gergn form ninister at Jundergarth, Chaplains spointed for the occasion I departin for Valencia in Spain there to sett is a Nerchant. also in presence of Mr. James Bruce Overseer at tuchinleck and Alexander, John Andrew and James Bruces his sons, all present having with one roice wished the continuance and (nosherity of the ancient Tramile

I Auchintech, and that the Family of ruce might ever flourish there. In stimony of which I now onborribe the resents, and seal them with the eal of my investiture, they being itten by the said James Boswell Eng I onbscribed on the twenty reventh by of the said month and in the said ear of our Lord. Amen mes Borwell Witness. Savid Bistwell John Dun Witness Toseph Turqueson witness IN Bouce witness for an absence of near thirteen years I the said David Boswell. ing now resurred from Walencia in Spain where, on account Intropudice of the inhabitants of that countrary against tostament names, I assumed the name of Thomas in our of the first laird of our family, and being about

to settle as a Merchant in the city of London have again stood upon the Ad castle of suchin det and proposts of decent fortune, have heartily wastif god the preceding of -gation and in or dow that postarity may not be mistake it is proper to observed that the custom of the family therein mentioned must be understood not as an old custom but as commencing with my going forth into the world, and to be continued in time to come in witness whereof these presents written with my own hand are subscribed by me and sealed with the soul of investiture at the place of auchin locke the elevent day of September in the year of our Land One thousand seven hundred and city by before three withats a the aforesaids Sames Boswoll Esq. the roud . Il . Dun, and Mr James Brice J. A. Bosweels James Borrell Wilness. John Dun Witness Ant Brutt wilnes

THE OATH

I, David Boswell, youngest Son of The Right Honourable Alexander Boswell, Lord of Session and Justiciary, present Representative of the Family of Auchinleck, do by these presents declare that, according to the usage of the family when any branch of it is sent forth into the world, I have stood upon the Old Castle of Auchinleck and have there solemnly promised to stand by these old walls with heart, purse and sword, that is to say, that in whatever part of the globe my fortune should place me, I should allways be faithful to the ancient family of Auchinleck, and give a reasonable obedience to the representative thereof. In consequence of which I was invested with a ring according to the usage of the Family. All this was done upon the nineteenth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and Sixty seven years, in presence of James Boswell, Esquire, my eldest Brother and Heir of the Family, the Reverend Mr. John Dun, Minister at Auchinleck, and the Reverend Mr. Joseph Fergusson, Minister at Tundergarth, Chaplains appointed for the occasion; I departing

I departing for Valencia in Spain, there to settle as a Merchant. Also in presence of Mr. James Bruce, Overseer at Auchinleck and Alexander, John, Andrew and James Bruces, his sons, all present having with one voice wished the continuance and prosperity of the ancient Family of Auchinleck, and that the Family of Bruce might ever flourish there. In testimony of which I now subscribe these presents, and seal them with the seal of my investiture, they being written by the said James Boswell, Esquire, and subscribed on the twenty seventh day of the said month and in the said year of our Lord. Amen.

DAVID BOSWELL

JAMES BOSWELL. Witness

John Dun. Witness

Joseph Fergusson. Witness

Jas. Bruce. Witness

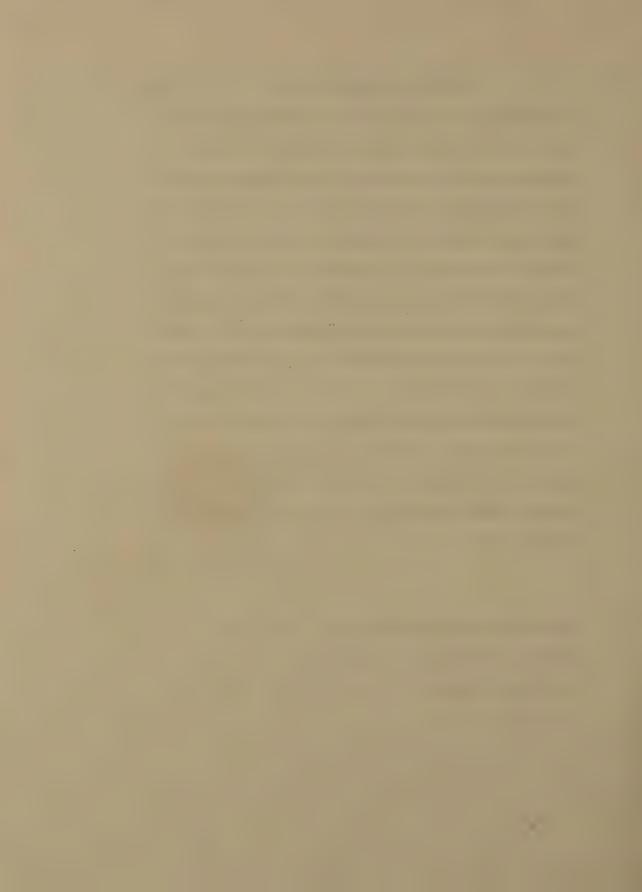
(Seal)

After an absence of near thirteen years, I, the said David Boswell, being now returned from Valencia in Spain where, on account of the prejudices of the inhabitants of that countrey against old testament

testament names, I assumed the name of Thomas in honour of the first laird of our family, and being about to settle as a Merchant in the city of London, have again stood upon the old castle of Auchinleck and, possessed of a decent fortune, have heartily ratifyed the preceding obligation; and, in order that posterity may not be mistaken, it is proper to observe that the custom of the family therein mentioned must be understood not as an old custom but as commencing with my going forth into the world, and to be continued in time to come: in witness whereof these presents written with my own hand are subscribed by me, and sealed with the seal of my investiture, at the place of Auchinleck the eleventh day of September in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred and eighty, before these witnesses, the aforesaids James Boswell, Esq., the revd Mr. John Dun, and Mr. 7ames Bruce.

T.D. BOSWELL

JAMES BOSWELL Witness
John Dun Witness
Jas. Bruce Witness



Designed by Bruce Rogers

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